WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

SALE of
DOWN QUILTS AND BLANKETS

NOW PROCEEDING. Sale Catalogue will be sent post free.

B.E. 2. EXQUISITE EVENING FROCK IN A RICH QUALITY CHARMEUSE. The bodice is cut in the Magyar style, with round neck and open sleeves, and the skirt is draped to the left and gathered in four folds. The large butterfly of Black Chiffon Velvet gives an unusually chic effect. Being fashioned on the excellent 'Walpole' cut, finish and materials, the Value is assured. Colours: Flame in several shades, Lemon, Blue, Shell Pink, Black, Ivory, Jade, Size 44. SPECIAL PRICE

94/6

B.C. 115. DRESSING GOWN OF RICH CORDED VELVETEEN. Trimmed with a handsome fur collar, with fur on the edge of sleeves to match, and half-lined with an excellent floral Delaine, this gown is at once luxurious, warm and comfortable. That it is splendid value at this low price is guaranteed by the fact that it is cut and made in our own workrooms from the best quality materials. In the following beautiful shades:—Pink, Saxe, Purple, Parma, Vieux Rose, or Cherry.

39/11

We Pay Carriage

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

on all Orders in the British Isles.

175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.
89-90, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.

Eiderscutum

FOR LIGHTER & WARMER AUTUMN - WINTER WRAPS

Moss-like in texture for lightness: virgin wool for warmth, softness and fixity of colours. Varying styles—fixed prices.

£9 9 0 double-breasted. **£8 8 0** single-breasted.
Ready to wear or to order. Women's coats same prices.

SOLE MAKERS:

Aquascutum Ltd.

Mention of *Bystander* will bring catalogue and patterns by return mail

100 REGENT ST.
LONDON W1.

Renowned for weatherproofs since 1851.

For the Sportsman

MILLS "TELESCOPIC" SEAT insures perfect comfort when shooting. Can be altered to any height between the lowest position, 22 in., and the highest, 34 in., making it possible to see and sit behind the highest and lowest butts.

MILLS Pat. SPORTSMAN'S SEATS.

In addition to the pattern shown, we have a very complete range of seats to suit all purposes.

Write for illustrated List.

MILLS MUNITIONS, LTD., BRIDGE STREET WEST, BIRMINGHAM.

Taking the Lead

The price of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is now reduced in both sizes.

Large Size **1/-** (*Formerly 1/3*)

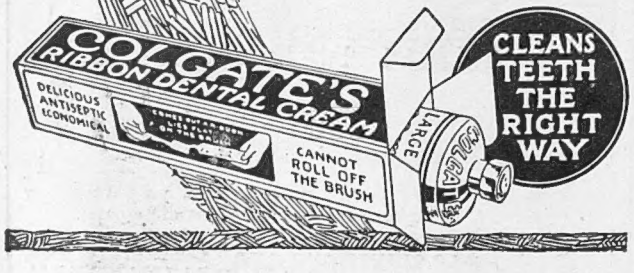
Medium Size **6d.** (*Formerly 7½d.*)

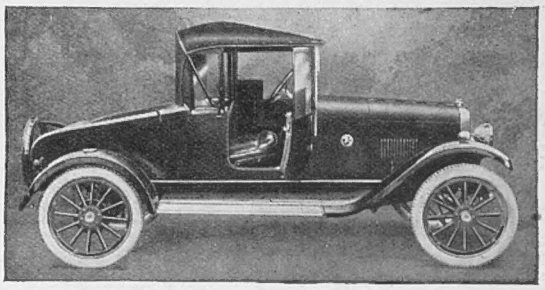
TAKING the lead in price reduction is a service to the public just as real as honest manufacture and faithful representation. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has served the cause of Good Teeth—Good Health—for many years. The substantial reductions now announced from 1/3 to 1/- for the large size and from 7½d. to 6d. for the medium, will, it is hoped, still further add to its usefulness and value in the public service.

COLGATE'S

Washes and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

FREE TRIAL.—Send this Coupon with your name and address (or mention this paper), and enclose 2d. stamp to Colgate & Co. (Dept. C 24), 46 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1. You will receive by return a dainty tube containing 42 inches of Ribbon Dental Cream, post free.





The British-Built Overland was created to meet a specific demand. People who wished the best at low cost recognised in Overland a dependable car combining power, beauty and riding comfort with positive economy of operation.

You will certainly be interested in the qualities which have resulted in the phenomenal success of the Overland car. We will be pleased to forward accurately descriptive literature and the name of your nearest Agen .

STAND No. 264 OLYMPIA

Willys Overland Crossley Limited.

British Factory and Sales Department, Heaton Chapel, Manchester.

Showrooms: 151-3, Great Portland Street, London, W.1

Service Depot: 111, Lots Road, King's Road, London, S.W.

Overland

BRITISH BUILT

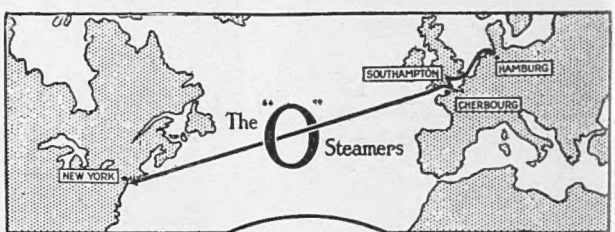
2-3 SEATER

- with Double Dickey -

Completely Equipped **£350**

A Few of its many Features

Low petrol and oil consumption—High tyre mileage—Triplex springs — Completely encased clutch running in oil—Magneto ignition—Electric lighting and starting — Natural circulation-cooling system—Accessibility of motor—Silent rear axle drive—Simple and efficient carburettor—Hill climbing ability—Rigid all-weather side curtains—Real leather upholstery—Wind-screen full width of body—Five Fisk tyres—Large supply of spares—English designed and built body.



The

"O" Steamers to NEW YORK

ONE of the longest established Trans-Atlantic Lines in the world, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company offer the intending traveller to New York a service which for comfort, luxury, cuisine, efficiency and all-round pleasure, surpasses all expectations. A direct fortnightly service of magnificently appointed triple-screw steamers is maintained between Hamburg, Southampton, Cherbourg and New York.

SAILINGS from SOUTHAMPTON & CHERBOURG:

ORBITA	**Nov. 10**	**ORBITA**	**Dec. 21**
ORDUNA	**Dec. 1**	**ORCA**	**Jan. 5**
ARAGUAYA	**Dec. 8**	**ORDUNA**	**Jan. 12**

Make your next crossing by an "O" Steamer.

R·M·S·P

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY

Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2 & America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

To those who seek the original in dress, such creations as are illustrated make sure appeal. Their price is exceedingly moderate. On the other hand one can pay still less at Goochs and obtain distinctive dress.

"FIAMETTE"

"MAUREEN"

A well-tailored walking coat of excellent quality Velour Cloth. Cut on graceful lines, with the low line of fullness at hips held in position with straps of cloth, leaving a plain panel effect at back and front. Silk lined to hips, and large Russian collar of selected skins, fastening comfortably to one side. In Black and Grey. Many good shades to special order.
Price **13½ Gns.**

Send for Goochs new illustrated Autumn Dress Catalogue.

"FIAMETTE"

Elegant winter gown of Brown Cashmere Cloth worked with embossed lines. Novel orange clasp at waist and facings of orange moiré antique.
Price **15 Gns.**
Also in wool marocain and charmeline in many fashionable shades.

GOOCHS Ltd
BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Tube Station: Knightsbridge
'Phone: Kens. 5100

WONDERFUL VALUE IN PURE SILK CREPE DE CHINE
CAMI-KNICKERS

This dainty Cami-Knicker is an exact copy of a Paris model, and is made by our own workers from pure silk crepe de Chine. The cut, shape and finish is excellent.

ATTRACTIVE CAMI-KNICKER (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, new long-waisted bodice entirely of lace and knife pleated skirt. In Pink, Sky, Ivory, Yellow, Black, Mauve and Coral.

PRICE
29/6

In pure silk georgette. In Pink, Ivory, Black, Sky, Mauve, Ochre and Primrose, **39/6**

BOUDOIR CAP composed of rich satin ribbon, **25/9**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Catalogue Post Free.

STEAMING HOT WATER ALWAYS

A hot bath whenever you want it, and hot water for washing up or scouring at any time; this is the result of installing one of these modern fuel-saving hot water systems which consume but a very small quantity of fuel when compared with the costly range boiler.

Batheater APPARATUS

This splendid installation, combining boiler and hot water storage tank, needs very little attention. One stoking is sufficient for many hours, and it eats up far less fuel than the old-fashioned kitchen range—a method now antiquated for water-heating systems. If a range boiler is already fixed, and requires replacing our

Bonfire BOILER

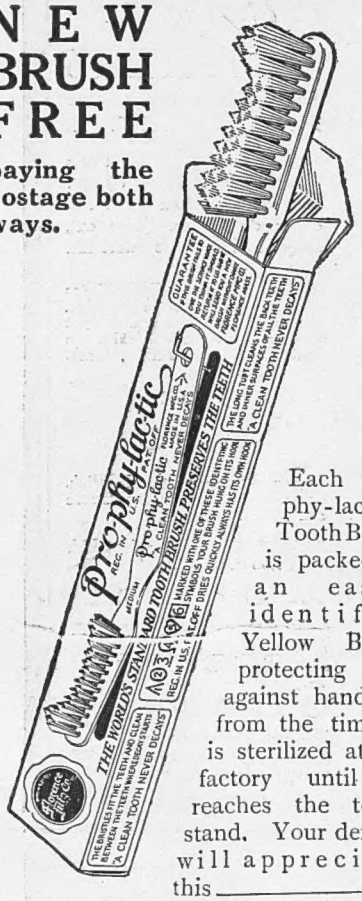
without cylinder, can be used with equal success and connected to existing pipes.
Write for full particulars and name of nearest stockist.

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
TITAN BOILER WORKS,
STOURBRIDGE.

If your Pro-phy-lac-tic fails to give the service you think it should, return it to us and we will send you a

NEW BRUSH FREE

paying the postage both ways.



Each Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is packed in an easily identified Yellow Box, protecting it against handling from the time it is sterilized at the factory until it reaches the toilet stand. Your dentist will appreciate this——and this——the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to enable it to reach all parts of the mouth, the bristles fit the teeth and clean *between* them. The only tooth brush that cleans every nook and cranny is the

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Sold only in YELLOW Box

Surface brushing cannot prevent your teeth from decaying—thus ruining your appearance and health. Use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush that cleans all corners of the teeth.

"A clean tooth never decays."

In hard, medium, or soft bristles—one quality only—always in the sanitary YELLOW Box—**2/6**. At all Chemists, Stores, etc., *or, if any difficulty, sent post free on receipt of price.*

Insist on the genuine PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC sold only in a

YELLOW Box

Write for a free copy of TOOTH TRUTHS.

WILLIAM E. PECK & Co., Inc., 31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

2

Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co., Mass., U.S.A.

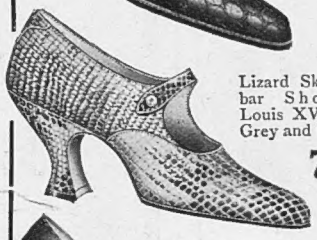
HIGH GRADE, EXCLUSIVE, AND FASHIONABLE

SHOES

AT SPECIAL PRICES.

Crocodile Skin Jester Shoe in Brown, Grey, and Black, Louis XV heel. **84/-**

Brown, Grey, and Black Skin Lace Shoe (*as sketch*). **84/-**



Lizard Skin One-bar Shoe with Louis XV heel, in Grey and Brown. **72/6**

Smart Walking Shoe for Town wear, Patent Calf. Also Nigger, Grey, and White Suede. **49/6**

Black Box Calf and Brown Willow Calf Golfing Shoe, fringe tongue (*as sketch*). **47/6**

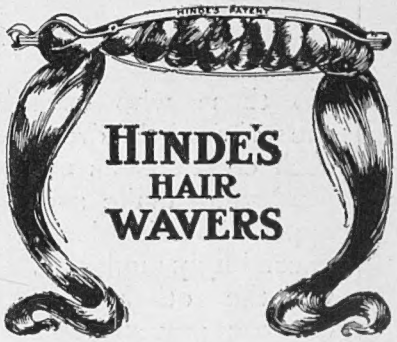
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

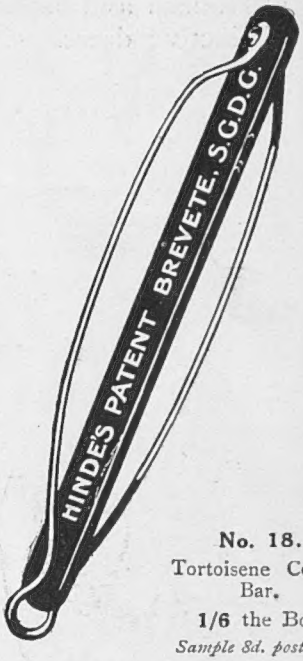
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

Sent on approval

"Nature alone won't wave the Hair, Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."





No. 18.
Tortoisene Centre Bar.
1/6 the Box.
Sample 8d. post free.

Hinde's Hair Wavers in five different patterns are obtainable at all Stores, Hairdressers and Drapery Houses. Crude imitations which are hurtful to the hair may be sometimes offered. It is necessary to see that the name "Hinde's" is on each article.

Hinde's Limited, Manufacturers of Hair Brushes and articles for the Dressing Table, 1, Tabernacle Street, London, E.C., and Metropolitan Works, Birmingham.

Amateur Photographers

Send 1/- P.O. to Martin he will Develop and Print your V.P.K. or 2 Brownie. Best results. No waiting. Price list for other sizes and Enlargements free.

Dept. B1, Martin, Chemist, Southampton

WHY BE GREY?

TATCHO-TONE (ally of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of Tatcho the hair-grower) should be used to touch up the first grey hairs—just comb Tatcho-tone through. The hair remains bright and washable. Tatcho-tone restores only the true shade. Highest medical certificate with each bottle. Chemists and Stores **4/6**. Trial phial for colour post free **8**d Geo. R. Sims Co., 5, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD**

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

FILTER

Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from *Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds.* Buy a tin today at your chemists.

4s. 6d. a tin

C 9 C 10 C 11

PETER ROBINSON'S

Everything for Everybody's Wear

C 9. Perfectly cut COAT and SKIRT in good quality Velour. Smartly braided at sides and back, 2 button front. Lined throughout fancy Satin. Plain Skirt. Available in Navy, Black, and serviceable Autumn Shades. Sizes S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. **6½ Gns.**

C 10. COAT and SKIRT in Velour cloth, collar, cuffs and side panels trimmed with Lamb's Wool Fur. Lined throughout white Jap Silk. Plain skirt. Available in Navy, Black, and new Autumn Shades. Sizes S.W., W., & O.S. **6½ Gns.**

C 11. COAT and SKIRT in heavy weight Gabardine, smartly trimmed with self braid. Fur collar. Lined throughout fancy Shantung. Well-cut plain skirt. In Navy, Black, and new Autumn Shades. Sizes S.W., W., & O.S. **6½ Gns.**

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.,
OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Many a Barber's Reputation is guarded by A KROPP

You can't beat that business-like sweep of a good razor, shaving down the face close and clean — a good razor, mark you—a **KROPP.** A Kropp shaves as quickly as any safety razor, and there is none of the fiddling, messy cleaning afterwards, no changing of blades in the middle of a shave. A Kropp is always sharp, and keen, and ready on the instant to give a quick, comfortable shave, however wiry your beard, however tender your skin.

KROPP
ALL-BRITISH

BLACK HANDLE, 10/6 IVORY HANDLE, 18/-
Every Kropp Razor is sold in a Case.
From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.
Send post card for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 26.
Wholesale only: **OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., Ltd., London, W.1**

RELIABLE
FURS

All our Furs are of sound and reliable quality. We do not stock cheap or "showy" Furs because we know that in the long run they are bound to cause trouble and annoyance to customers. Our prices are absolutely the lowest compatible with the quality of the skins employed. All our Furs are made on the premises by our own highly skilled furriers. The shape, style and workmanship is in every case excellent.

NEW SHORT FUR COAT (as sketch) worked from selected beaver dyed coney skins, cut very full in the skirt with double fur high stand collar; lined self striped soft satin.

PRICE
39 Gns.
In natural British mole-skin, **55 gns.**
In golden nutria, **79 gns.**
Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Avert Autumn Colds and Sore Throats by taking

FORMAMINT

(The Germ-Killing Throat Tablet.)

At the first sign of Catarrh and Throat Soreness, suck a few Formamint Tablets. Not only will Formamint free you from these minor ailments; *it also prevents such grave infectious diseases as Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Tonsilitis, etc.*

For these pleasant-tasting, harmless tablets, dissolving slowly in the mouth, release a powerful antiseptic which is carried by the saliva to all parts of the mouth and throat, and instantly destroys all disease germs.

The Earl of Euston writes —

" Formamint was recommended to me by a very good surgeon, and was successful in curing a cold in one instance and a sore throat in the other. Nothing I have ever tried before has been able to stop them running their course."

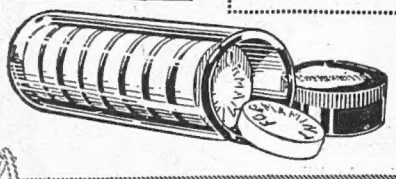
Commander Carlyon Bellairs, M.P., late of the Royal Navy, writes :—

" I take Formamint if I have the slightest symptoms of a cold, and after addressing a meeting, or being in any stuffy railway carriage, theatre, etc., I do not know of any better remedy."

Go *now* to your nearest Chemist and get a supply of genuine Formamint Tablets—price 2/0 per bottle of 50 tablets. But to ensure getting the *genuine* Formamint, look for our name and address on bottle.

Write today for this Free Sample

To obtain the Free Sample and explanatory booklet — simply send us a 2d. stamp to cover the cost of postage. Please mention this paper when writing.



GENATOSAN, LTD.
Loughborough.
Leicestershire.

THE GRAPHIC

for October 28
will contain:

THE DISSOLUTION

Winter Travel Supplement

The Rumanian Coronation

PAGES OF STRIKING PICTURES

BY A "GRAPHIC" SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Our Relations with the Turkish Empire

M. RESHID'S MESSAGE TO "THE GRAPHIC"

London Types

BY STACY AUMONIER AND GEORGE BELCHER

Near East Impressions

BY THE LATE SIR MARK SYKES, WITH HUMOROUS DRAWINGS

1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-

GRACEFUL SLIP-ON TEA FROCKS

This charming slip-on Tea Frock is an exact copy of an exclusive French model, and is made from rich quality chiffon velvet and georgette or velvet and crepe brocade, and cut on simple lines.

SLIP-ON TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality chiffon velvet and georgette, or velvet and crepe brocade cut on simple lines, inset band of satin on shoulders and large hand-made garniture of satin caught with jet and brilliant motif. In White, Black, Royal, Rust and Cherry.

PRICE

12½ Gns.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody
(INCORPORATED LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Miss Ivy Tresmand wearing her "L.B." Velour. Photo by Arbuthnot.

Model 707.

Made in Light Grey, Dark Grey, Mole, Champagne, Putty, String, Copper, Brown, Saxe, Navy, etc. **3** Gns.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

This charming Wrap is an example of the new Autumn Styles now being shown at Jay's. It is suitable for either day or evening wear. It is produced in black chiffon velvet, handsomely trimmed in Chinchilla Degu, and lined with satin Beauté to tone with fur. Price 58 Gns.

Jay's Ltd.
REGENT STREET
W.1.

BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING REBUILDING.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW AND ATTRACTIVE MODEL HAT

This hat will be found in our Model Salon on the First Floor.

Duvetyn Hat lined Shot Silk, trimmed hand-made wool flowers. Can be supplied in many good shades 4 Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE PETTICOATS

WE have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Petticoats specially designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of exceptional value and quality.

Smart **PETTICOAT** as sketch made in rich quality Silk Taffetas that is thoroughly reliable, cut on generous lines for full figures. Colours: Black, White, and very large range of plain and shot colours.

PRICE **20/-**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on approval.

Make beauty a duty!

BRISTOW'S Georgian Soap

A Soap of Quality for Delicate Skins

Its gentle action stimulates and beautifies the skin. Its delicate perfume makes it the daintiest as well as the

Safest Toilet Soap to use.

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores in two sizes — Bath or Toilet.

T. F. BRISTOW & CO. LTD.
Established 1777.
ST. JAMES' WALK, LONDON, E.C.1.

Sunday Times

"The Journal with a high Standard of Efficiency, of human interest, and of devotion to National Ideals."

Beauty—the Birthright of every Woman—must be persuaded, never coerced.

ASK yourself—is your corset really comfortable? On social occasions do you feel that you are looking your best? The subtleties of nature's making are far too fine to permit of interference and alteration by force. Nature must be led—gently but firmly—to exhibit the hidden lines, the gentle, willowy grace, the lissomness of movement that are hers. GOSSARD Corsets are the result of a perfect understanding of the requirements of the woman of to-day—an appreciation of the modes of the hour—an embodiment of comfort and, above all, of service and practicability. Your GOSSARD never coerces—it persuades.

When you buy a corset, you want one that is anatomically correct in design and one that will make the best of your figure. GOSSARD artistry has made a twenty-year study of Type Corsetry—recognising as many types of beauty as there are types of women. There's your own particular corset—with just the support you need. You will find GOSSARD Corsets, moderately priced, at any of the best stores—those stores where skilful corsetières who know figure types as well as corsets will unerringly help you to achieve that beauty which lies within the reach of every woman. The model here illustrated is the Ideal Tall Slender Figure.

GOSSARD *Front Lacing* CORSETS

GOSSARD Brassières add that scientific exactitude of design that makes them fit every type of figure as faultlessly as GOSSARD Corsets. They give the sustaining comfort of a natural support and an unfailing protection against the settled lines of maturity.

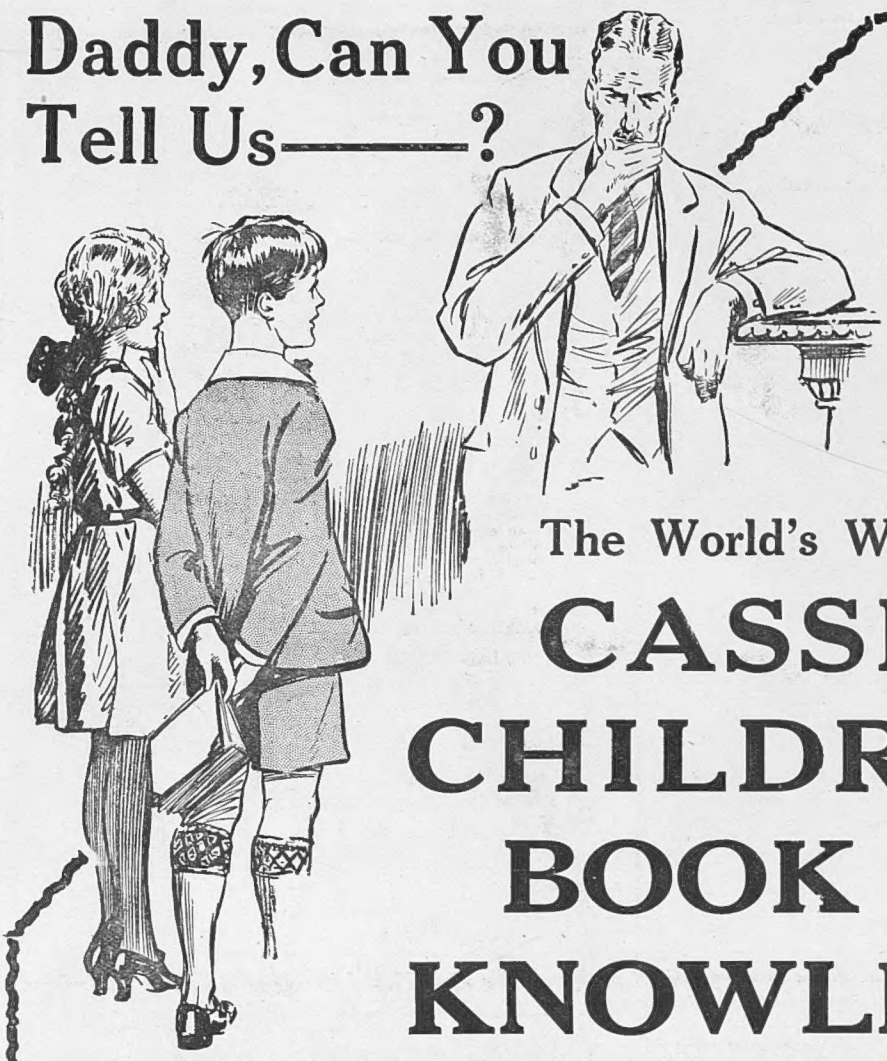
A BEAUTY BOOK.

Write to-day for a Free Copy of a 24 pp. illustrated Booklet, "The Gift of Eve," containing many beauty hints.

The British H.W. GOSSARD Co., Ltd.
168, REGENT ST. LONDON, W.1.
(Wholesale only).

TORONTO, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, SYDNEY, BUENOS AIRES.

Daddy, Can You Tell Us——?



Have *you* ever been caught in this fix by *your* children?

No more Why? What? When? Where? — it's all in

The World's Wonder Book—

CASSELL'S CHILDREN'S BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

THE *FIRST* ALPHABETICAL CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY.

TO BE COMPLETED IN ABOUT 48 FORTNIGHTLY PARTS AT 1s. 3d. EACH.

An entirely new work—simply and accurately written—which imparts knowledge with the fascinating charm of a fairy tale. The wonderful story it contains is told in simple language and by amazing pictures. Its appeal to the juvenile mind is instantaneous.

PART 3 ON SALE EVERYWHERE

10,000 PICTURES

There are ten thousand pictures in this work, a picture on every page, and a BEAUTIFUL FRONTISPIECE is contained in every part.

IN EVERY PART

there are 80 pages—64 illustrated pages of text and 16 pages of pictures reproduced by the famous photogravure process.

GIVEN AWAY WITH PART 1—which is still available

With the first issue there is presented the WONDER MAP OF THE WORLD, measuring 20 inches by 30 inches, printed in full colours—a beautiful production which can ***only*** be secured with Part 1 of "Cassell's Children's Book of Knowledge." This alone is worth more than the price asked for the complete issue.

£100 IN CASH PRIZES

For a simple Painting Competition FREE to Children of 6 to 16 years of age. In three groups.

Full particulars in Parts 1, 2 and 3.

ANY NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSELLER WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH A COPY OF PARTS 1 AND 2 AT 1/3 NET.

If, however, you have any difficulty in procuring, send your name and address, stating your usual or nearest newsagent or bookseller, to the publishers of "Cassell's Children's Book of Knowledge," La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4.

The House of Cassell

"Ever-Ready"
British Made

PORTABLE ELECTRIC SPECIALITIES.

SOUND construction, efficiency and reliability are features of all Ever-Ready productions. The dry Batteries are easily interchangeable and are standard sizes obtainable everywhere.

No. 1861. No. 004. No. 1915.

No. 1861. **Electric Hand Lamp.** Price **12/6** complete. Case of polished mahogany, nickel-plated fittings. Spare Batteries, Price **1/6** each. Postage, **1/-**

No. 004. **Electric Torch.** Ball Mouth Reflector. Price **11/6** complete. Polished fibre case, nickel-plated fittings. Spare Batteries, Price **1/6** each. Postage, **9d.**

No. 1915. **Fountain Pen Lamp.** Price **2/6** complete. Spare Batteries, Price **6d.** each. Can be carried as easily as a fountain pen. Postage **4d.**

Postage should be included with remittance for MAIL ORDERS.

Call and inspect our showrooms, or write for Art Catalogue (C.Q.) giving full particulars of these and many other specialities.

The Portable Electric Light Co., Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.1

WONDERFUL VALUE IN RICH HEAVY QUALITY CRÊPE DE CHINE

TAILOR SHIRTS

The value of these shirts is quite exceptional. They are made in heavy quality rich crêpe de Chine that can be thoroughly recommended for its excellent washing qualities. Cut on full lines with new shaped coat collar and revers, fastening one pearl button in three different designs, of which the illustration is an example. On White Grounds with coloured stripes of Pink, Navy, Brown, Black, Lemon, Saxe, Mauve and Green. In sizes 13 to 14½ ins.

SPECIAL PRICE

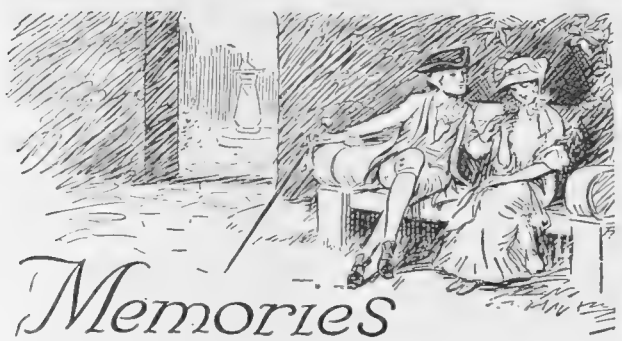
30/-

Actual Value, **49/6**

In size 15, 2/- extra.

Debenham & Freebody
(ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.



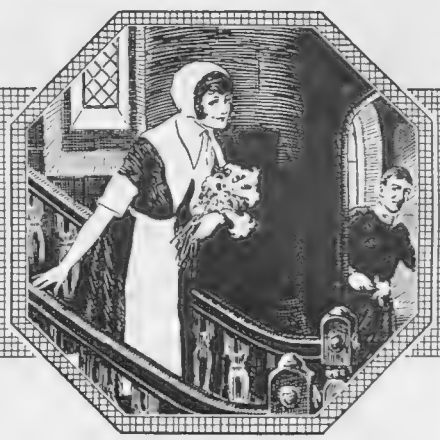
Memories

To bring back delightful moments spent in a flower-laden garden heavy with scents; to make the flowers live again, to catch their perfumed breath and all that it recalls—that is what Zenobia Perfumes do, so true are they to Nature.

ZENOBIA
PERFUMES

Favourites among Zenobia Perfumes are Zenobia Lily of the Valley, 3/-, 5/-, 8/6 and 16/6 per bottle; Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Night Scented Stock, 3/-, 5/-, 7/6, etc., per bottle.

ZENOBIA LTD.
Manufacturing Perfumers
LOUGHBOROUGH LEICESTERSHIRE



DORCAS CAMBRIC
The Puritan Cambric made again.

REDUCED TO

Per **1/11½** *Yard*

WRITE FOR PATTERNS TO
TEST AND COMPARE

40 inches wide. See Dorcas Cambric on the selvedge.

J & N. PHILIPS & Co. LTD.
ADVERT DEPT, MANCHESTER

"Take a peg of John Begg"

John Begg Ltd.

64 WATERLOO STREET GLASGOW
106 FENCHURCH STREET LONDON E.C. 3

PROPRIETORS OF THE

ROYAL LOCHNAGAR DISTILLERY BALMORAL SCOTLAND

All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART AND DISTINCTIVE

FURS

at

Moderate Prices.

Nutria dyed **Coney Coat** *(as sketch) made from good quality French dyed skins. Finest workmanship and finish.*

PRICE

29 Gns.

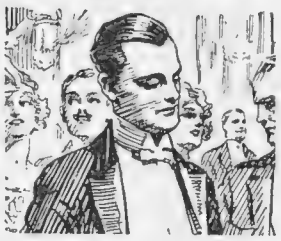
New Illustrated Booklet of Fashionable Furs post free on request.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

"TRITEX" SILK-STOCKINGS

With 15 years' reputation, and still the best. All colours Price reduced to 8/11. Agents—best shops in each town. There is none "just as good"; then insist on Tritex (in the yellow box).

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., ENGLAND, 47 & 48, Berners Street, W.1.



Neat and tidy hair at the . . Dance . . .

This is assured to all who use Anzora. It will keep the most unruly hair in place all the evening. Sold everywhere in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles. Firmly refuse substitutes.

ANZORA

Masters the Hair

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, N.W.6

CARTERS LTD.

By Appointment

Baby Carriages

of

Refinement, Distinction, Charm, and Durability.

Please write for

BOOK No. 17

Containing a comprehensive exhibit of Dainty Photographs.

(Established over 70 Years.)

125-129 Gt. Portland St. London, W.1.

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

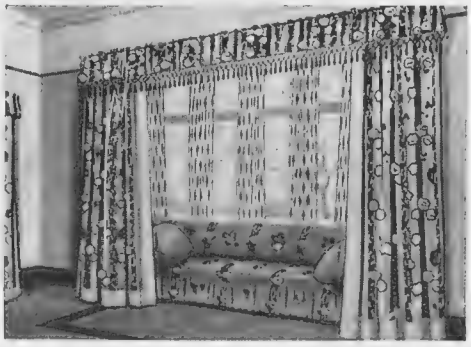
For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

The Home Beautiful

Telegrams: "Greatly" London. Telephones: Battersea 300 4 lines.

SPECIALISTS IN ARTISTIC FURNISHINGS



Write for "THE HOME BEAUTIFUL," Williamson & Cole's famous book on Artistic Furnishing, richly illustrated in colour.

FABRICS FOR AUTUMN CURTAINS.

TAPESTRIES in good qualities and colourings at greatly reduced prices, varying from 4/11 to 18/11 per yd. **RICH CORD VELOUR** in many shades, 8/9 per yd., 50 ins. wide. **SATIN CLOTHS, REPS AND DAMASKS** in rich and effective shades from 5/11 per yd., 50 ins. wide. **PLUSHETTE.** Reversible. Heavy quality roll pile, 4/11½ per yd., 50 ins. wide. **ART SERGE** in a good range of colours from 1/11½ per yd., 50 ins. wide. **CRETONNES** in large variety from 1/0¾ to 12/11 per yd. **SHADOW TISSUES, PRINTED LINENS AND TAFFETAS** from 2/0½ to 18/11 per yd. **CASEMENT CLOTHS** in various colourings and qualities from 10½d. per yd.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

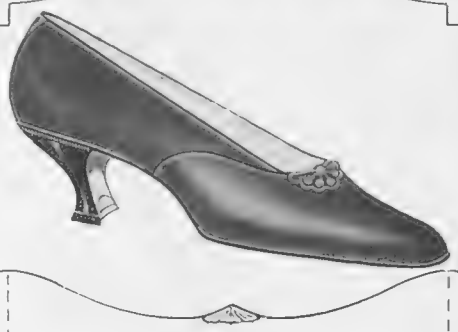
Williamson & Cole Ltd
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.4.

SMART HATS of EXCLUSIVE DESIGN for PRESENT WEAR

BECOMING HAT of silk panne trimmed ostrich feather mount to tone and fold of metallic ribbon. In Black, Navy and Nigger.

PRICE $4\frac{1}{2}$ *GNS.*

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET
(CAVENDISH SQUARE)
LONDON, W. 1



WOMEN who select Lightfoot Shoes for their smart appearance are delighted to find that they retain their shape right to the end. That is because they are made on the handsewn principle and of only the best quality materials.

This shows Lightfoot No. T17, a very pretty little Black Glace Kid Court Shoe for evening wear. Price 21/-

Lightfoot SHOES FOR LADIES

JAMES SOUTHALL & CO., LTD. - - NORWICH

HARRODS
Display of GLOVES
DURING THIS WEEK

COMMENCING Monday, October 23—for one week—Harrods have arranged a special Display of DENT'S GLOVES *at special prices.* Here are just a few selections.

LADIES' Gloves

LG414
DENT'S Fur Gauntlets of Fitch Coney, lined wool throughout.
SPECIAL PRICE 25/-

LG417
DENT'S Gauntlets, Tan Cape, suitable for Driving and hard wear.
SPECIAL PRICE 21/-

LG413
DENT'S 2-Dome Tan Cape, a strong hard wearing Glove
SPECIAL PRICE 6/11

MEN'S Gloves

DENT'S Worcester make, all sizes from 7 to 9.
SPECIAL PRICE 6/6

Mocha Gloves in Grey, 1 Button,
SPECIAL PRICE 7/6

Tan or Slate Deerskin, lined fur, 1-Dome fastening, sizes 7 to 9.
SPECIAL PRICE 21/-

Full Size Fur Back Pilot Gauntlets, Cape Palms and Lined Wool, Natural Coney Wallaby, sizes 7 to 9. 63/-

Real Opossum 95/-
Real Musquash £6 6 0

HARRODS LTD. KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON S.W.1

"SANITAS"

Nature's Purifier

Sprayed about rooms it oxygenates and vitalizes the air.

Wounds and sores rapidly heal when dressed with it.

Invaluable as a Mouth and Tooth-wash and Gargle

Delightful addition to the Bath Water.

Destroys all bad smells.

Sore Throat quickly relieved by gargling or spraying.

Tender Feet immediately relieved by bathing.

Should be added to all water used for washing in infectious cases and cold sponging the skin in Fevers.

Use also "Sanitas" Powder, Soaps and Polish.

BOOTH'S

"the very best"

Old Matured
DRY GIN

straw coloured because it is matured in wood.

Millburn Highland
WHISKY

from the famous Distillery at Inverness. Perfectly Matured. Finest Quality

of all retailers

Booth's Distillery Ltd.,

Established 1740.

55, Cowcross Street, London, E.C.
and at Millburn Distillery, Inverness.

City de Luxe

THE "CITY DE LUXE" IS A FRIEND FOR LIFE.

A Pipe that will never let you down—burn your tongue, or raise your ire.

The "CITY DE LUXE" comes of a good family—made by the makers of the famous GBD No finer introduction, no better guarantee is possible.

Made in one-hundred-and-one shapes, each briar bowl is highly polished and specially hardened. It has a free draught, and "push-in" stem fitted with minute precision. A perfect pipe in every way. Leading Tobacconists everywhere can show you a selection.

ASK TO SEE THE "CITY DE LUXE."

City de Luxe . . . 5/6
(Special Shapes. Prince and Army. Silver Mounted 6/6)
City Pipe, Silver Mounted 3/6
City (Three Star) Pipe, Metal Mounted 2/6

5/6

Shape No. 201
The Sportsman's pipe: a medium billiard with a short vulcanite

Shape NO. 700, Bulldog Saddle
This is the favourite Bulldog Shape.

Trade Enquiries to

OPPENHEIMER'S
38, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2. Est. 1860

HOWARD'S "DUVET"

EASY CHAIRS & SETTEES

DECORATIVE WOODWORK and FURNITURE.

Painting and Restorations.

HOWARD & SONS Ld., 25-27, Berners St., W.1

The Bystander, October 25, 1922 No. 986. Vol. LXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"LET 'EM ALL COME!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
MLLE. MARIE LECONTE (Société de la Comédie Francaise) & CO., in "Venise," LYDIA LOPOKOVA & CO., BERT ERROL, TEN TAZZERWOULLTH, Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886. THE ISLAND KING.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS & SATS. at 2.15.
W. H. BERRY, Nancie Lovat, Dorothy Shale, Louie Pounds, Peter Gawthorne, C. M. Lowne, George Bishop.

DALY'S. (Ger. 207).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780). JOSÉ COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR.
Evenings at 8.30. MARIE LÖHR in
"THE RETURN.'
Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

LYRIC. Evenings at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Derek Oldam, Winnie Melville, Mai Bacon.

PRINCE OF WALES. (Ger. 7482).
"THE CO-OPTIMISTS,"
(5th New Programme)
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Mon, Wed. & Sat, at 2.30

ST. JAMES'S. Lessee & Manager, GILBERT MILLER.
Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30
THE BAT.
ARTHUR WONTNER. EVA MOORE.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Ask for "4711"
(BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)

IT is the Original and Guaranteed Pure—Full Strength—with the Lasting Fragrance.

An Atmosphere of Freshness
In the various stages of convalescence "4711" is invaluable at all times in the sick room.

One or two teaspoons of "4711" evaporated by burning in a ***saucer*** will purify and sweeten the atmosphere.

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

Straight from the Scottish Highlands

When you purchase your Harris Tweed direct from Highland Home Industries Ltd., you are sure of getting the genuine hand-spun, hand-woven article. Sutherland and Shetland Tweeds also stocked.

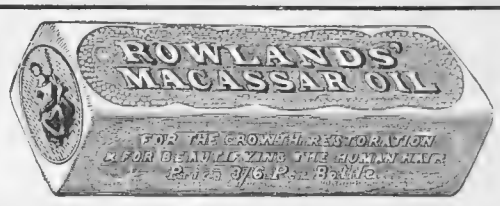
Gairloch Stockings, handknitted in exclusive designs in the West Highlands. Orders taken. Any colours blended.

Our illustrated catalogue fully describes the industries of the Highland Folk. It will be sent to you on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Dept. B.

HIGHLAND HOME INDUSTRIES LTD
111 GEORGE STREET · EDINBURGH

SANDY MACDONALD

SCOTCH WHISKY



Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition; Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3.6, 7/-, 10/6**

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLAND'S,** 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"Bust!"

Who killed the Coalition?
"I," said Bonar Law,
"I got 'em *quite* on the raw!
I killed the Coalition."

So the evening Press brought out *another* edition
When it heard of the death of the late Coalition.
When it heard
Of the death
Of the recently defunct Coalition!

A Topical Verse

I suppose you have all bought the new Kipling anthology—the handy little volume which enables you to pack all the Barrack Room Balladmonger's best bits into your breast pocket. I am told that Mr. Kipling made the selection himself, and, if this is so, he has certainly skimmed the cream with a judicious hand. Some of the earlier verses are as topical to-day as the lyrics of Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Take this one:

The end of the fight
Is a tombstone white
With the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph drear:
"A fool lies here
Who tried to hustle the East."

A Word for the Police

The police have come in for some very rough handling over their attempts to suppress undesirable incidents in Hyde Park, and a lot of unfair comments have been made. I should like to hear what their bitterest critic would have to say when his wife or daughter came home with the news that some nasty old man had been trying to get into conversation. These pests abound in the more fashionable neighbourhoods, and a decent girl is far safer in the Whitechapel Road than in some of the streets of Mayfair. Let us be fair to the police, who have a difficult job on hand.

Not So Very Wicked

Mind you, I don't believe that dear old Hyde Park is half so wicked as it is made out to be. The bits of it that I have seen are as dull and innocent as a Park band. True, the lads and lassies of our village pass and repass throughout the evening, but they never seem to muster up courage to speak to one another. And how else are they to become acquainted? The girl who works all day in a shop has a mighty poor chance of getting a sweetheart, unless the opening exchanges are "promiscuous like." And if it's wicked to be promiscuous in Hyde Park, doesn't the same thing apply on the piers at Brighton or Blackpool? Heaven help all the spinsters of this parish when a policeman has to give his consent to the mildly innocuous carryings-on that take place in the Park.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The Inland Spa

ARE we going back to the days of the inland spa, when Bath was a centre of fashion and the sea was merely a place in which people caught fish? All this talk of the Essex wonder well seems to point in one direction. It may be coincidence, but I have heard a lot of people singing the praises of Cheltenham and Leamington during the past few weeks. Harrogate holds its own, while places like Brighton are desperately trying to turn themselves into termini for the all-conquering charabanc. The seaside has had a good innings of a hundred years, but people got along without it in the past—and they will again.

The Women's Party

THE time is surely coming when we shall have a Women's Government, with a handful of mere males in opposition. Already twenty-eight ladies have consented to contest seats, and when we remember how quickly the Labour Party has grown from small beginnings there can be little doubt that a not distant election will see us swamped and overwhelmed in an avalanche of femininity. At such times whiskey will be sold by chemists in little bottles with red labels, and the club will be out of bounds on Saturday night.

By W. E. W GFULL

AUTUMN BLASTS
No shelter in sight

Irish Chivalry

THE Irish have rather a reputation for being a chivalrous race, but an incident in Connaught gives the lie to this tradition. There had been a wedding, and while the festivities were in progress an armed party appeared on the scene and stole all the refreshments. That was all very well, but the intruders should have gone one better. They should have carried off the bride, by placing her across a saddle-bow while they fired their revolvers into the air. Any decent highwayman would have done as much. Can it be that Romance is really dead in the distressful country?

Author and Critic, Too

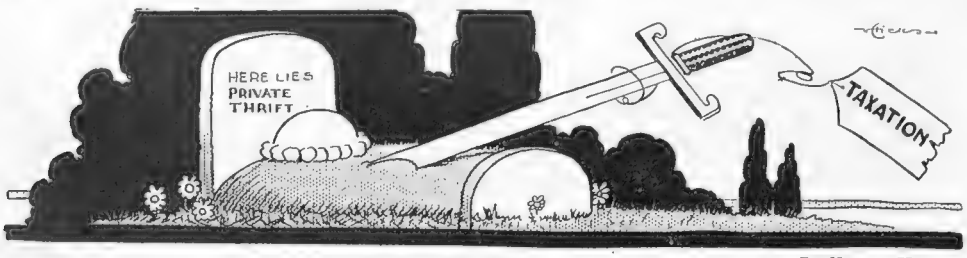
POOR Mr. St. John Ervine seems to be getting more disgruntled than ever. As you may, or may not, be aware, he is the modern Jekyll and Hyde of the theatre, who spends his days writing clever plays, and his nights at the theatre being rude to his less brainy contemporaries. He has just been telling the Gallery First Nighters that he sometimes wonders if we know what good acting is—"one sees audiences going into raptures over dreadful performances." Can it be that Mr. Ervine's real quarrel with the public is that his own masterpieces make such a limited appeal, and that playgoers in the bulk appear to be so partial to the crazy stuff written by the people he is paid to criticise?

Hare—and Hounds

MYSELF, I like St. John Ervine, and I like his plays. I like him and his plays so much that I would like to see him withdraw from the invidious position occupied by the man who doubles the parts of author and critic. I think his work would be happier if he bothered less about the shortcomings of his fellow-craftsmen. It can't be good for him to spend an evening at a musical comedy. Quite obviously, he loathes musical comedy, and the more the public likes it the more he loathes it. British criticism stands on a high plane, it is entirely incorruptible, but a man should be either an author or a critic—he shouldn't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds!

The Cloistered Life

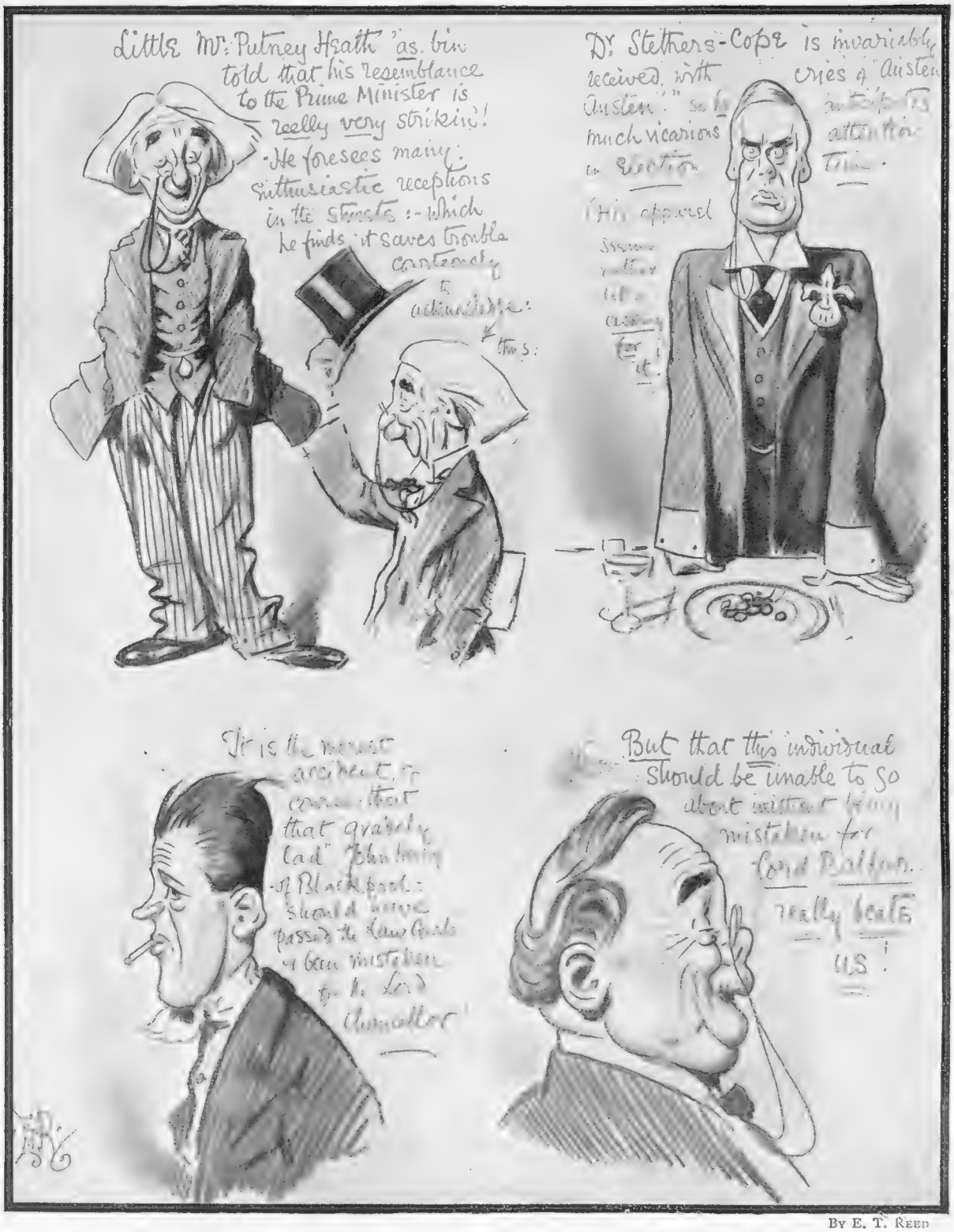
SOMETIMES, when the wind is in the east, and the postman brings a letter in a long envelope, I pine for the monastic life, and decide to spend a year in the peaceful streets of Oxford or the cloisters of some old cathedral city. On Sunday morning I called on a famous old bohemian who has lived a full life in Fleet Street and the Strand, and I found that in his chambers in Gray's Inn he had made all my dreams come true. There, with a faithful old Irish bodyguard, he lives the life of a hundred years ago, while the sun dances on the cobbles, and the city sparrows sing in the branches of the plane trees. Lucky man!



"IN MEMORIAM" By VICTOR HICKS

My Little Kink

YOU have probably noticed that the question of transport interests me enormously. I suppose we all have



By E. T. Reed

GREAT PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE TO WELL-KNOWN STATESMEN

Certainly has its inconveniences — especially during times of Electoral crisis

our little kinks, and mine deals with the movement of our millions from one place to another. Some people are always discussing the nobility of the race, but its mobility is quite good enough for me. Accordingly, I take off my hat "and likewise I bow" to Sir Henry Maybury, who reminded a Town Planning Conference that it is just as essential to control and improve the exits of a city as it is to control and improve the exits of a theatre. True, O, Knight!

The Retort Apt

THE snail season has begun, and you can now track these jolly little fellows to their lair in Soho. England and France have many points of misunderstanding, and the snail is one of them. Ever since Waterloo, the Frenchman has been a man who eats snails—simply that and nothing more—in the eyes of the un-travelled Briton. But a Parisian of my acquaintance got his own back rather neatly. "You English," he said, "don't eat snails, and why? You're so slow, you can't catch them!"

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Central News*

EUROPEAN ROYALTIES AT THE ROUMANIAN CORONATION

The Duke of York, the Duke of Genoa, Prince Paul of Serbia and Prince Carol of Roumania at the Coronation of the King and Queen of Roumania at the ancient Transylvanian city of Alba Julia

Photograph] **AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE TWO CROWNS** *[Keystone*

The King and Queen listening to the President of the Roumanian Senate's speech in the courtyard outside the church where the actual Coronation ceremonial was enacted. The King's crown was of cannon steel taken from one of the guns captured from the Turks by the Roumanian troops in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. The Queen's crown, which the King himself placed on her head, is of Transylvanian gold, presented by the owners of gold mines near Alba Julia, and designed from the ancient crowns worn in olden days by the Roumanian Princesses. Her Majesty is, of course, English by birth, and a granddaughter of Queen Victoria

Women and Politics

WHEREVER one has gone in these last few days the talk has been of nothing but politics. But it isn't really politics; it's just a general sort of wondering what is going to happen and how soon we shall have a General Election.

The comings and goings of the politicians, the conferences, the speeches, fill the social atmosphere with the suggestions of impending change. The odd thing is that since they got the vote women don't seem to take the keen interest in politics they used to do. This, I think, is largely due to the fact that any number of women, young and middle-aged, who in former days would be working like Trojans in the constituencies for lovers, brothers, fathers, and husbands, are now up to their eyes in earning pennies for their living or to eke out the little War and taxation have left them.

The All-Conquering Dance

ONE by one our restaurants *de par le monde* have been captured by the dinner or the supper dance, or both. The fashion began in the lesser restaurants, and was severely frowned upon by the frequenters of the greater hostelries. So frowned upon, indeed, that I think I am within the limits of exactitude when I say that it never entered the heads of the managements of Claridge's, the Berkeley, or the Carlton that those who dined or supped within their portals would ever wish for dancing to be added to the *menu*.

But we live in swiftly changing times. The frowns of yesterday are smiles to-day. As the frowns relaxed Claridge's caused a mild surprise by starting dances after dinner. Then the Berkeley followed, after vowing it would "ne'er consent"; and now, last

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND AND HER

The youngest daughter of the fifth Earl of Strafford, who was at one time Vicar of St. Peter's, Kensington, and Emily, Countess of Strafford. Lady Joan, who is the widow of Capt. the Hon. Andrew S. Mulholland, was Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles' first Lady-in-Waiting

Photograph *Keystone*

AFTER THE ROUMANIAN CORONATION

An extensive military parade was held at Alba Julia subsequent to the Coronation. Fifty thousand soldiers of all grades were reviewed by the Roumanian King, his Consort, and the visiting Royalties. In the grand-stand, from left to right, are: the Duke of Genoa, Princess Qriana, youngest daughter of the Queen of Roumania, Princess Eliana, sister of the Roumanian Crown Princess, the Crown Princess of Roumania, the Queen of Greece, and the Queen of Serbia

of all, the Carlton has added to the gaiety of the London evening by instituting *soupers dansants*.

So literally from Dan to Beersheba of our big restaurants the world may now dance where it chooses to dine and sup. Who shall talk any more of dreary London when you can dance in a different restaurant every night in the week?

Fox-Trots or Palates

But here is a little point that occurs to me. It isn't because I'm greedy; it's because I love good food—and there's all the difference between vice and virtue betwixt the two.

Photograph *Lafayette*

FIANCÉ—GENERAL THE EARL OF CAVAN

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff is a widower; Lady Cavan, who was Miss Inez Crawley, died in 1920. Although Lord Cavan had retired from the Army, on the outbreak of war he was immediately recalled, and in four years rose from brigade commander to army commander on the Italian front

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

LADY PEMBROKE

Who is giving a ball on Friday, October 27, for the coming out of her daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert, at Wilton House, Lord Pembroke's Salisbury seat. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales will be present. The Earl and Countess of Pembroke (who before her marriage to the 15th Earl was Lady Beatrice Paget, and is a sister of the present Lord Victor Paget) have three sons, but only one daughter

What effect will these dinner and supper dances have on our future Vatels and Escoffiers? A *chef* may pour out his very soul on a *Sole à la Dieppoise* or a *Poulet de Bresse en Casserole*, but if you go hopping off to dance directly you've swallowed the last mouthful of one, and come back to find the other robbed of half its flavour because it has been kept hot for you on a spirit lamp, of what avail the genius and labours of the cook? Won't the species get discouraged in course of time, so die out?

Perhaps—in order to prevent the decay of cooking—we may all live to see our big restaurants partitioned off for "Diners" and "Dancers." In the first will be all those who go for the sake of the cook; in the other all those who go for the sake of the band. The most *recherché* of dishes will be served to the diners; nice, good, plain nursery food, with long French names, will be served to the dancers. Bless you, most of the young ones won't know what they are eating. A rice pudding—so long as it isn't called a rice pudding—goes down unnoticed when the one-step and the fox-trot are calling.

Photograph *Alfieri*

A WEDDING OF THE WEEK

Lady Doris Gunston and her husband, Capt. Cecil Gunston, M.C., late of the Coldstreams, after their marriage at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Lady Doris is the eldest daughter of the late Marquis of Dufferin and Ava

Mrs. Bischoffsheim

The late Mrs. Bischoffsheim was a notable example of the stupidity of the old Austrian social system and the wisdom of our own. Until Mr. Bischoffsheim died some twelve years ago, their house, Bute House, in South Audley Street, for thirty years was the scene of the most interesting and the most distinguished hospitality in London. It was the centre of diplomatic Society. In Vienna such a thing would have been impossible because Mrs. Bischoffsheim was not *hoch-geborn*. She was the daughter of a famous Court jeweller in the Austrian capital, Biedermann, and married Mr. Henry Louis Bischoffsheim, a great financier in his day, so long ago as 1856.

London gained what Vienna lost, for not only was Mrs. Bischoffsheim the most perfect of hostesses, but she was also the kindest of women. She and her husband gave away no inconsiderable part of their large income in charity.

Of Mrs. Bischoffsheim's two daughters, Ellen, Lady Desart, the widow of the late Earl of Desart, has a relationship by marriage with Princess Mary, since her niece, Lady Sybil Scott—at whose villa at Florence,

the Villa Medici, the Princess and Lord Lascelles spent their honeymoon—is a first cousin of Lord Lascelles.

Mrs. Bischoffsheim's second daughter, Lady Fitzgerald, is also a widow. She married Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, the Knight of Kerry, who died during the War. Their daughter was one of the first persons to benefit by the Marriage with a Deceased Husband's Brother Act. She was the widow of Lord Richard Wellesley, second son of the Duke of Wellington, and married his younger brother, Lord George, in America, three years after Lord Richard's death. They lived in New York until the passing of the Act made their marriage legal in England.

Photograph *Sport and General*

RETRIEVER TRIALS IN THE MIDLANDS

Lord Chesterfield, one of the judges, with Mrs. Quintin Dick, Major Twyford and Lord Stafford at the Midland Counties Field Trial Society's retriever trials, held near Thrapston, Northants

Photograph *Sport and General*

COURSING IN WALES

Lord Tweedmouth and the Earl of Sefton, with "Bryn Tansy" and "Thalia the Second," at the Border Union Coursing Meeting at Lightwater, Penrith

Nelson's Duchy

I THINK some mistake must have been made in the obituary notices of Viscountess Bridport. They described her as "Viscountess Bridport and Duchess of Bronte."

The late Lord Bridport, for so many years one of Queen Victoria's most devoted servants, was Duke of Bronte, having inherited the title from his mother, the only daughter of the first Earl Nelson, the brother of the great Admiral upon whom after his death at Trafalgar his honours devolved.

The duchy of Bronte lies on the slopes of Mount Etna, with a fine old castle—the Castello di Maniace—in its centre. Until 1801 the duchy did not exist. In that year King Ferdinand of Naples created it, bestowing the property and title upon Nelson in gratitude for the Admiral's services to Naples. Nelson never saw his castle or his duchy, although he always signed himself "Nelson and Bronte."

Lord Bridport left the Sicilian estate to his son, Sir Alexander Nelson Hood, and as he is officially styled "Duke of Bronte in Sicily," which no longer appears amongst the present Viscount Bridport's honours, it would seem that the title of Duke goes with the ownership of

Photograph *Louis Langfier*

A GALLANT OFFICER

Captain R. C. Lyon Holme, M.C., of the R.A.F., and late of the 1st Somersetshire Light Infantry, who was killed early this month, while flying at Kirkuk, Iraq. He was only twenty-five

Photograph *Central News*

SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY WEIGALL'S SHOOTING PARTY AT WOODHALL SPA

Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, who recently returned from Australia, are back again at their home at Woodhall Spa, where they have been entertaining many enjoyable shooting parties, the guns securing much good sport. A group of some of the house party, including Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, the Earl of Westmorland, Lord Londesborough, Lady Londesborough, Miss Bridget Fuller and Miss Watson

Photograph *Illustrations*

AN ANGLO-INDIAN WEDDING

Major R. W. Hornby, Indian Army, elder son of the late Colonel Hornby, of the Royal Artillery, and Miss Beryl Kathleen Tracey, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tracey, of Wetherby Mansions, S.W., after their marriage at the Chapel Royal, Savoy

the Bronte property, and is not hereditary.

A Recollection of 1914

THE notice of the death of Prince Munster in Hanover recalls to my mind the fact that some of the most highly placed Germans living in England, and men, like Prince Munster, high in the confidence of the ex-Kaiser, had no inkling of the coming of War.

In the summer of 1914 I was Prince Munster's neighbour, in a cottage not far from Maresfield Park, the Shelley property which had been left to him by a Shelley baronet to the consternation of the baronet's family and the surprise of everybody else. He and the Princess were the most kindly of neighbours.

The Prince was very much *homme du monde*, much more cosmopolitan than German. The worst thing that could be said about him was his pride in the title of Prince conferred upon him by the ex-Kaiser. Formerly he had been Count Munster, as the gentleman at Doorn's reminiscences in the *Daily Graphic* tell us. The princely crown was powdered over everything, and that in the largest size. Some rude folks said it even adorned the princely underclothes. There was certainly a big one on his handkerchiefs.

Well, I lunched at Maresfield Park

Photograph *Vaughan Breeman*

MISS OLIVE TOWNEND

The Carl Rosa prima donna, as Marguerite in "Faust," a rôle in which she made her first appearance at Covent Garden since the summer season of opera there. This latest Carl Rosa visit has been much of a success. It is a privilege to have opera at all in London

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieut. Geoffrey Congreve, R.N., the elder surviving son of Lieut.-General Sir Walter Congreve, V.C., and Lady Congreve, with his bride, Madeleine, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allhusen, of Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, outside St. James's, Piccadilly. Princess Christian and Princess Helena Victoria were at the wedding

a few days before the declaration of war. Everything was as usual. The day after the bombshell descended the Prince and Princess went to London, leaving the house just as if they were going away for the day.

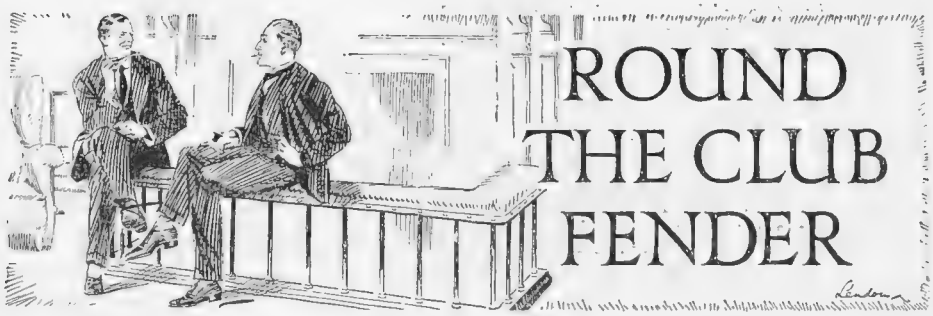
The authorities came down and searched the place from end to end—a big job, as everything was just as if its owners were returning. But they found nothing. Then Maresfield Park was handed over to the military, and is now, I believe, used as a depot for the Signals Service.

Prince Munster was happier in England than in Germany. He made no secret of it. Another unhappy soul is Count Albert Mensdorff, so long Austrian Ambassador in London. He longs to return to England, but he doesn't realise that the world in which he moved and glittered has entirely passed away.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE PRINCE'S CITY VISIT

H.R.H. inspecting the Guard of Honour formed by the Honourable Artillery Company in the Guildhall yard on the occasion of his visit to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. Mr. Lloyd George, who gave the toast of the health of the Prince of Wales, was accorded a very warm greeting, as were several members of the late Cabinet



ROUND THE CLUB FENDER

BY "ANTHONY"

LORD VICTOR PAGET, who, until the birth of the Anglesey baby boy, was heir to the title, has led a full and enterprising life. He began in the Blues, but after a year or two of soldiering in London he went out to Canada, where he soon showed that an officer of the "Tins" could turn his hand to digging the proverbial drain, or any other form of manual labour, as well as anybody else. In 1914 he rejoined the Blues, and fought with them in France, thence to Palestine for a spell, and then back again to France for the big fighting in 1918, where he won the M.C. In appearance he is slightly reminiscent of some prints of Lord Byron, who is remotely connected with his family. He married Miss Bridget Colebrooke this year.

THE Junior United Service Club have instituted an innovation which other clubs might follow with advantage. In addition to the cocktail bar, which is becoming a feature of so many clubs, they have a sandwich table. Sandwiches vary from 3*d.* to 4*d.*, according to whether they are of beef, sardine, or egg, etc. In addition, at one o'clock, sausage and mashed and hot pies may be bought very cheaply indeed. A man can lunch as well for 1*s.* 6*d.*, including his glass of beer, as for twice or three times that sum in his club coffee-room.

ALL sorts of unexpected people are writing books these days. The latest surprise is a volume of short stories entitled *About Life*, from Mr. Basil Watson. In his Eton and Oxford days, Mr. Basil Watson achieved fame as a feather-weight boxer, and in Army boxing circles his services as a referee are much in requisition. Even his most intimate friends never suspected Mr. Watson of being an author. However, the stories, which have mostly a sporting flavour, are quite excellent. It may now be permissible to reveal the fact that Mr. Watson was the Editor of *Le Rire du Matin* (I think that was its name), the trench magazine of the Irish Guards, with which regiment Mr. Watson served during the War. *Le Rire du Matin* ran one of the most enthralling serial stories ever written.

Photograph *Speaight*

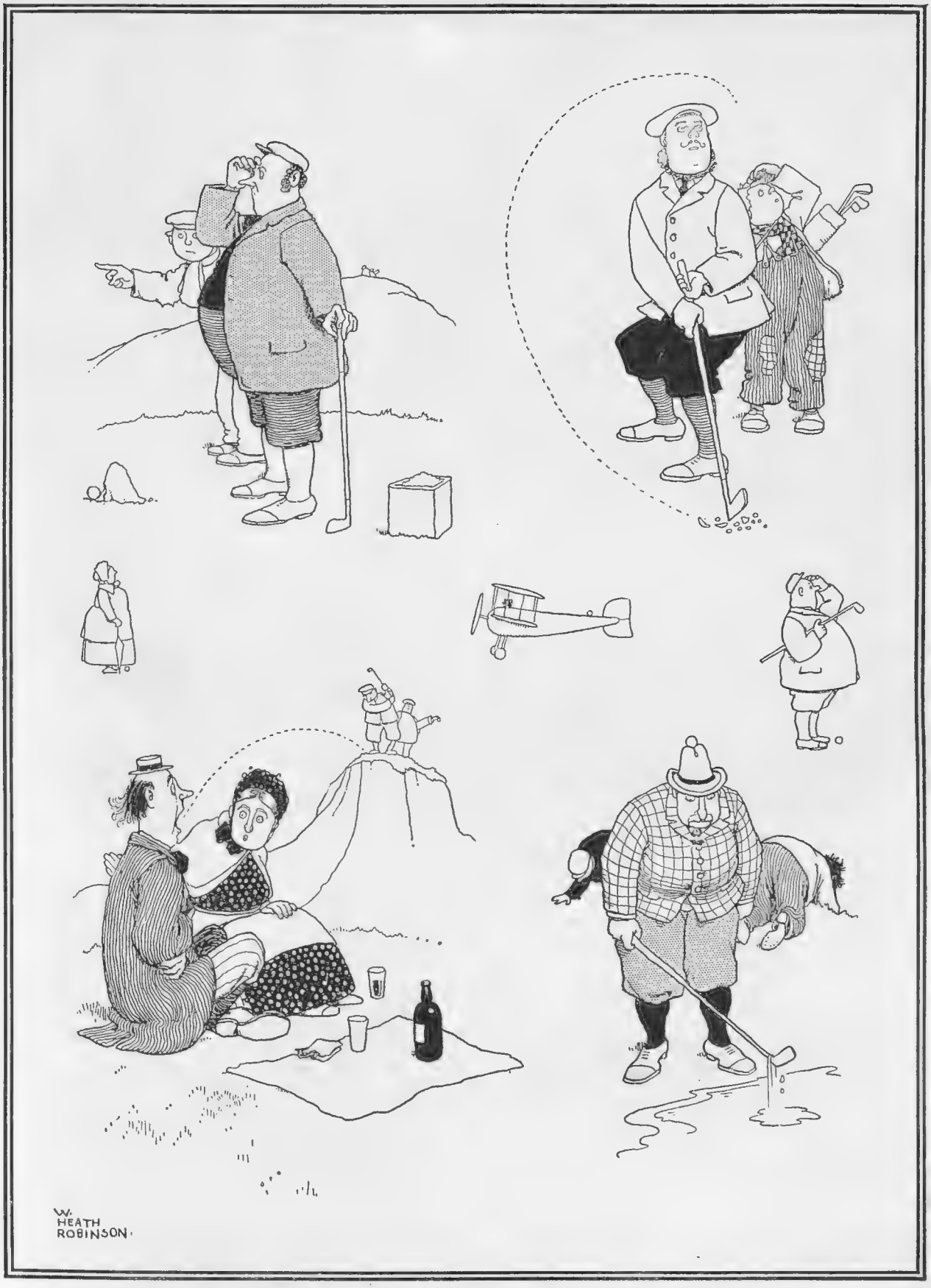
LORD VICTOR PAGET

YES, London is brighter; but there is still not complete accord between the managers of the various houses of entertainment and the enthusiastic amateurs who are ready to do anything to liven things up. At a dance club the other night I saw a young gentleman, who recently crossed Africa on foot from East to West, take his fair partner to dance on the table as there was no room on the floor. They were stopped, but when the management had turned its back they jumped on the table again, the lady saying for all to hear that, anyway, she was Irish. In the argument that followed the table capsized, and the colleen fell into the arms of an elderly gentleman who was not expecting her. Shortly afterwards the pair left the building with the assistance of a gentleman who looked like one of Siki's sparring partners, amid cries of "Shame!"

THE ex-Kaiser in his reminiscences, appearing in the *Daily Graphic*, omits the following incident. When he came over for King Edward's funeral, a guard of honour was sent to Port Victoria to see him off. As the Royal train came in the guard lined the platform, which was none too wide, the men presented arms, and the subaltern in the centre drooped the Colour. The Kaiser, who loved inspecting British troops, went down the line examining every tunic button. The subaltern with the lowered Colour stood rigidly to attention, looking straight to his front. Suddenly he heard a "*Gott und Himmel*," felt a wrench on his arm, and the next moment realised that the Kaiser, in his eagerness to see how our men were turned out, had tripped over the Colour and nearly fallen on his face on the line.

THE United Service Institute is storing a good deal of the plate of regiments that have been disbanded. Regimental plate is so much bound up with the life of a regiment that it would be a thousand pities if any regiment that was raised again found itself not able to recover its property. However, during the present uncertain state of affairs the custom of every officer presenting a piece of plate on joining, and again to mark the successive stages of his promotion, may well be dropped. On the other hand, in after years when he comes to dine in Mess as a General, perhaps, he may like to look at the silver snuff-box which he presented when he was a Second-Lieutenant, and other treasures presented by other brother officers, who now lie in Flanders.

Golf As I Know It—By W. Heath Robinson



SOME CURIOUS CASES OF LOST BALL

Lord Byng Among the Buffaloes

LORD AND LADY BYNG ARRIVE AT JASPER PARK

Lady Byng, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, being presented with flowers on arrival at Jasper, Alberta, during a recent tour of all important centres of Western Canada. Inset: Lord Byng (left), Capt. the Hon. W. G. H. Jolliffe and Capt. the Hon. F. W. Erskine seated on a log at Mount Robson, British Columbia

Photographs CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL HUNTING IN THE ALBERTA FORESTS *Central News*

During his two months' tour of Western Canada Lord Byng of Vimy and Lady Byng were accorded tremendous demonstrations of enthusiastic welcome. At Edmonton the Governor-General was made a chief of the Cree Indians with the title of "Buffalo Head." Four hundred Indians in full paint and garb of war gave their battle yells and dances on the presentation of the buffalo head

The Monkey-Gland Again

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"In the tubes for the vest pocket"

MES AMIS—

ONE has the wonder if, in the next few years, one shall be able to call at the corner shop for a new stock of the monkey-glands, just as one is able to renew the supply of the safety razor blades. That may, to you, appear the progress too swift. Really, however, it must come to that if the people are fully to profit from the discovery of Dr. Voronoff. As you know, the *célèbre savant Russe* has made the seventy years old man fifty years young. Which is enough wonderful so far as it goes. But it is not at all likely that the peoples shall be content with that, is it? There was the vast wonderment when the first aeroplane was able to cross the Channel. But there was soon the demand that it must be done twice a day. And almost as soon it was done.

SIMILARLY with the rejuvenation *à la Voronoff*. There are the persons who feel old before they are really yet old. It is *bien clair*—is it not?—that they shall wish to be made to feel young. And it is equally clear that this can be accomplished by the monkey-gland. As they will, *sans aucun doute*, return to the kind of life which has caused them to feel old when actually they have not been old, soon they shall commence to feel old again. With the preliminary experiment as the indisputable evidence, they will have recourse to the similar method.

BUT all the paraphernalia which does surround the treatment at the present will become the great bother. There will be the insistence on the simplification. Some able imitator of Dr. Voronoff will develop the system to the simplicity that one shall be able to purchase the monkey-gland refills in the tubes for the vest pocket.

SHOULD it be that you still have the doubts, one may emphasise that the powerful influences will be brought to bear. *Primo*, the Cabinet Ministers, and particularly the Prime Ministers. There are not many careers which have the limitations and the handicaps of the Prime Ministers. Entirely against the custom is it to take up the post of Prime Minister before one has become old. The majority of them do not get the chance to exercise their talents before they have become dulled. At the last they have the opportunity to give of their best—and maintain it, by the assistance of the *méthode Voronoff*. Think you not that they will employ the weight of all the powers of the state to hasten the process of the simplification?

"If one shall be able to call at the corner shop"

SECUNDO, there are the boxers. They, too, have the career which is most unpleasantly short. Figure the possibilities for the boxer if, after to have taken the count for nine, his manager is able to pass him a Voronoff "refill." And all the other people who have the habit to die the early death from the excess of effort, such as the journalists. All these citizens of superlative worth will battle for the cause. Why, the more one does give the reflection to the possibility, the more certain does appear the realisation.

OF course, there shall be the opponents. There are many antagonists to the principle of rejuvenation, even in Paris. Some there are who base their hostility on the position of the ladies, *plus royaliste que la reine*. One has not, *en effet*, heard that the ladies are opposed to the general adoption of the *méthode Voronoff*.

"THE MONKEY-GLAND AGAIN" (*concluded*)

On the part of those who anticipate that they will be, it is alleged they will be jealous because the men can be made young while they have to remain old. But the ladies have, in fact, shown the immense interest in the affair. When the doctor has given his report and produced the evidences of success, a third of the audience has consisted of the ladies. An appeal has been made to him that he shall direct his future experiments towards the inclusion of the ladies in the benefits of the rejuvenation.

How, therefore, it can be contended that the ladies shall be the *point d'appui* of the hostility, one does not readily find it easy to see. If the doctor should succeed to develop his process so as to comprise both of the sexes, the only beings who shall have the cause to worry shall be the chimpanzees. They will be face to face with the peril of the extermination, unless there are established the colonies to breed. And, *pourquoi pas* ? One does breed the ostriches to give us the feathers and the cattle to give us the food. Why not the chimpanzees to give us the longevity ?

But even if the Professor should not succeed to extend his benefactions to the ladies, they have surely the more to lose than to gain. They may acquire the gay and the sprightly husbands in the place of the morose and listless spouses (or should it be spice ?) who linger in the chimney corner at the present. A husband who but yesterday has been seventy and has now become but fifty has surely too many of the good points to be an object of the jealousy. Possibly the advocates of the polygamy—the voices of whom have not yet been stilled—shall introduce the complications, with the claim that the day of their theories also has arrived. They may say that, as there are three women to every man, and as the man is able to prolong the span of life to at least three times the duration of the allotted period, he shall now be permitted to take unto himself three wives—one after the other, *bien entendu*.

"While they have to remain old"

But if the ladies do not like the idea of this, they can always organise against it. And they are sure to win the day. Moreover, the microbe Man will be so glad to procure the extension of earthly occupation for himself that he will be prepared to submit to all the dictates and the restrictions on the part of the ladies, who shall have so much less time here below. ROLAND

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AT SAN SEBASTIAN

Mr. Bertram Park showing the Queen of Spain around his Camera Exhibition which he recently held at La Gran Kursaal at San Sebastian. The opening ceremony was performed by Her Majesty, who was attended by the Queen Mother and many Spanish celebrities who are always at San Sebastian during the early autumn when Deauville is empty and London but half full

"Sartor Resartus"

BY MARCHANT SMITH

"When Autumn dons her gayest dress we mortals follow suit"

The Eye Opener

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Eyes to left of him; eyes to right of him—someone had blundered!"

(Walking through the Park at night must feel something like this)

The Errant Motorist

By Dell Leigh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSWALD CUNINGHAM

The Sports' Model

THEY scurry like mice about the roads, nibbling up to and past stationary loaves of traffic in congested areas. It is the "A to Z" Sports Model which darts out at you suddenly from a side road when you are humming somnolently along the main highway, after a heavy Sunday lunch. And you curse them at intervals for the rest of the afternoon. What your inscrutable chauffeur says on these occasions you often wonder. You can never hear, because thick plate-glass divides you from his vocabulary. But you see his lips moving fluently, and he follows them with a slow turning of his outraged head and a look of ineffable contempt upon his face. Percy and Ethel, in the "A to Z," have a way of shoving in ahead of the Might and Majesty of the land at places like the gateways at Brooklands, the exit at Sandown, and in the car queue at Hyde Park Corner, which causes liveried men to mutter vehemently under their breath as they change unwonted gears. I suppose it is all part of the game Percy and Ethel play on Sundays, this nipping in and giving other people the wash of their open exhaust.

There is a certain lorry driver of my acquaintance who once drove ammunition up to the Line in France, and has become a fiend of the peacetime road in consequence. I was with him one day on his hard front seat, and we talked War shop above the din of progress while pounding along Sussex lanes. By a curious freak of Providence his chauffeur brother slid by at the wheel of a princely Rolls. A few rapid words were exchanged. A backward jerk of the brother's head. The Fiend glanced at his mirror, said "Right-y-are," and settled down to enjoy himself. I heard persistent and furious falsetto hootings behind us and shouted for enlightenment.

"One o' them stink-bombs—you wait!"

And I obeyed. He would allow the pursuing Sports Model, replete with a wild-eyed Percy, to approach within passing distance, and then he would execute a slight roll and swerve to the right. He continued this for eight or nine miles until we drew up at my destination, the Woodcutter's Arms, and an inarticulate Percy was allowed to proceed.

"Anyone wot annoys my brother, annoys me—see? I learned 'im, any'ow."

Incidentally, he had by this time "learned" four other cars in line behind Percy, and we found sanctuary in the Woodcutter's saloon bar from the execrations of mankind.

I have never been quite able to understand the genesis of the Sports Model. It is invariably a glittering aluminium affair with a foreshortened wind-screen that looks as if it had been plucked before it was ripe. It has no doors, for some reason. To get in you climb over, and sit very low with your trousers soaking up the oil on the floor-boards. The rear part has been shaved off conically. Everything, you are informed, has been designed for speed. And yet,

"Nipping in"

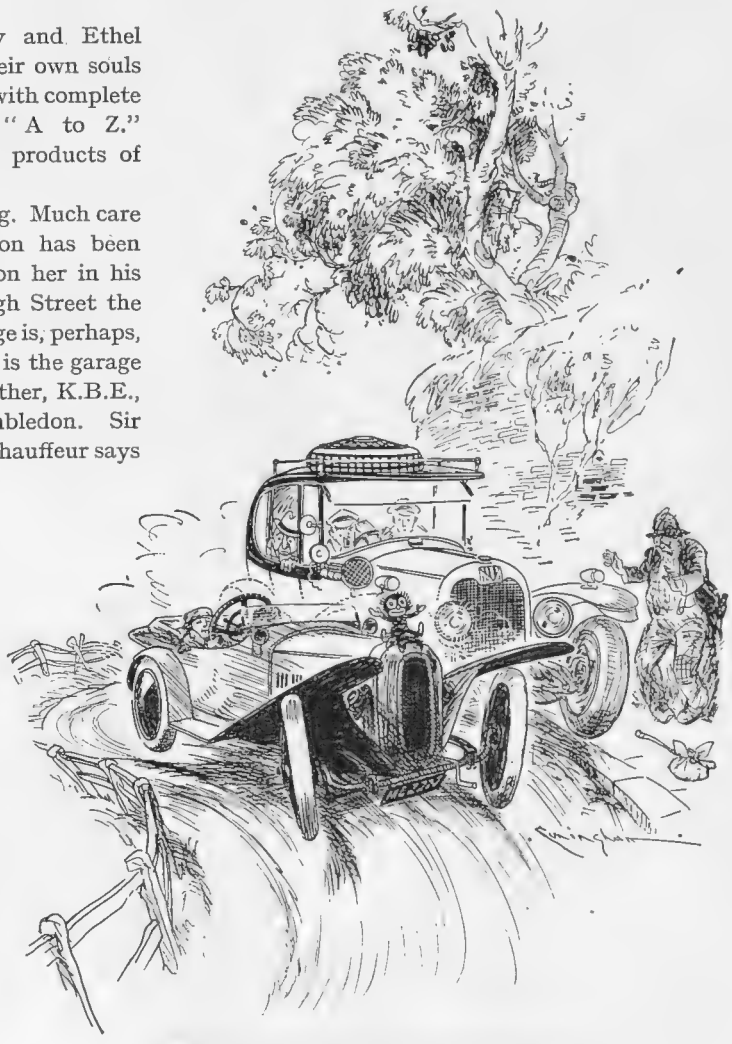
"THE ERRANT MOTORIST" (*continued*)

when she has been "opened up to a cool fifty," everything vibrates and gyrates about you to such an extent that your one desire is the flat mother earth, and peace. As to the coolness of her fifty, waves of greasy heat spread about you upwards from your feet, and you wonder how long all this will last before something vital within her gives up the unequal struggle of her revolutions and breaks away from its bearings.

Nevertheless, Percy and Ethel are the captains of their own souls when sitting low and with complete nonchalance in the "A to Z." Here are two typical products of their time.

It is Sunday morning. Much care and deep concentration has been devoted by Percy upon her in his garage off Putney High Street the night before. *His* garage is, perhaps, not quite accurate. It is the garage of Sir Anthony Allweather, K.B.E., of the Common, Wimbledon. Sir Anthony's ex-soldier chauffeur says the "garidge" is only "part-worn." That is to say, "the guv'nor don't never come down 'ere, an' if that corner, an' ten bob a week, is any good to you . . . mum's the word, mind you, see?" The fact also that some of Sir Anthony's aviation spirit is at times transferable to the "A to Z" for a song, is an added commercial attraction. The "A to Z" stands glittering before Ethel's home in Cranes Park, Surbiton. Percy pushes open the gate, bearing the nameplate, "Acacias," and walks in with a proprietary air.

He wears grey flannel trousers, which finish well above his ankles, puce socks, heavy brown brogues, a tweed sports coat, complete with strap of same material at back, and the Wandsworth Wanderers' tie. His hair is brushed straight back and kept in unruffled place by what is known as "solid" brilliantine. An eager face at an upper window, under a crimson tam o' shanter, assures him that she won't be two minutes, and in about twenty Ethel appears. She wears an abbreviated skirt of Donegal tweed, vegetable-silk stockings, and precarious shoes, strapped as to the ankles. She carries in her hand a white fox fur. A thermos and a round brown basket are wedged into the conical dickey. Percy fits a gold flake into a long "tortoise-shell" holder, and with magnificent mutterings from a frenzied exhaust the peace of Sunday Surbiton is shattered by their passing.



"The glory of passing their more ponderous rivals"

They are compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses upon the Portsmouth road. What further ecstacy could be sought for or declared?

They speak but little, these two. A tacit understanding exists as to route. There is only one route on Sunday; one destiny. Kingston-Esher-Oxshott Woods-Leatherhead-Burford Bridge. Here, amid the constellation of cars outside the hotel, the "A to Z" cools down, while the thermos and the brown basket are taken to the slopes of Box Hill, and self-consciously shared.

Subsequently, Guildford and the heights of Haslemere. The glory of passing their more ponderous rivals in car-dom. Wonderful! And thence Londonwards and supper, with complete *sang-froid*, at the Eldorado Grill Room in Hammersmith. And home to Surbiton behind the headlights, full on, to Ethel's mother, vituperative at the lateness of the hour.

This is Life! You who loll, bored and dissatisfied, in your limousines on the Brighton road, and dine, changed and churlishly at Claridges, know nothing of these delights, of this Elysium. How should you?

You haven't got a father, with a snug little oil and colour merchant's business in the Shepherd's Bush Road, who advances the capital for the "A to Z" (at 5 per cent.) because you got a D.C.M. in the War, and are a promising lad in the business.

What is worse for you, you haven't got an Ethel, whose red tam o' shanter looks so classy against polished aluminium.

You would not appreciate her if you had. Nor she you.

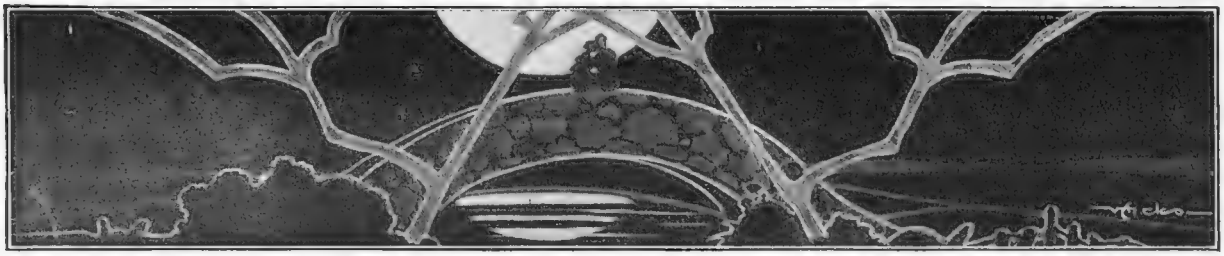
"Soppy," is what she would call you.

And who can hold up his head against such designation?

NEXT WEEK:
No. VI.
"THE SOUND MIDDLE CLASSER"

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

A COURSING STUDY



A LITTLE BRIDGE PARTY

By Victor Hicks

TEA-SNOBS

By ROBERT ERSTONE FORBES

An extraordinary number of people, nice, commonsensical, unfaddy people, behave very curiously, I find, where their tea (and yours) is concerned. As often as not they become temporary snobs.

Tea-snobs, in fact. . . .

Recall the last dozen visits you have paid at tea-time. Haven't you noticed the queer little codes that nearly all your friends so slavishly follow? And hasn't it struck you how varied, and even how contradictory, these codes can be? Moreover, hasn't your own poor little code come into the harshest opposition with——?

You know that it has.

(Haven't you sworn never to go to the Joneses again because of their terrible tea?)

Queer little snobbery-bobbery codes they are. Perhaps it is merely a question of "milk first," or of the kettle being boiled in your presence. But it may be that an old-world ceremonial has to be gone through before the tea may be drunk. Perhaps, too, you will be called on to state your preference in the matter of blends; and should your reply not be that which is expected, you are temporarily, if not permanently, outside the pale.

Take Colonel Danby, for instance, the dearest and most unselfish and most broad-minded old boy in the world. At the tea-table he is almost a fiend. He likes what he calls a "good cup of tea," which means a Indian infusion of unbelievable blackness. Ask him for hot water, and he will stare at you in pained surprise. If you don't enjoy *tea*, why come to his house? And you feel an ill-bred worm.

On the other hand there is little Mrs. Tatham, who, after hinting that she is the only woman in the neighbourhood who really understands tea, wastes ten minutes boiling her silver kettle and warming your cup. She then half-fills it with milk, and finally adds a few drops of tea. And if you don't praise the result, your reputation as a respectable member of society has probably gone for all time.

Very different is Mrs. Carstairs, who explains that she has her tea sent, specially packed, from Ceylon. It is doled carefully out from its lacquered chest, the while you are given details of the blending. Her blend, it seems, is so near to perfection that sugar is—well, nobody who has once tasted her tea will want to take sugar again. This, of course, is grossly inaccurate, but ask for sugar in Mrs. Carstair's house, and you are immediately conscious of belonging to an inferior social order.

And then there are the people who can only enjoy China tea. They are the biggest tea-snobs of all. Their lips cannot help curling if you say that you prefer Indian. ("Of course, if you really mean it, a pot of the—stuff can be brought from the servants' hall, but, really, nowadays one imagined. . . .")

Yes, to the China tea-snobs the Colonel's "good cup of tea" is on a par with the fifth pint to which the bricklayer treats himself on Saturday evenings. And if they are really big tea-snobs, paying ten shillings a pound for their tea, they will expect you to drink it without sugar or milk.

I myself pay ten shill——

Never mind.

"SAFETY FIRST!" By Batchelor

Gentleman of the Road (*blissfully*): "Bloomin' good job I never learned ter read. I'll bet that's a 'No Fishing' board!"

Perhaps it is because every woman is at heart a rake that she makes hay of man.

* * *

The worst men have the best manners.

"Fur Better or Fur Worse"

BY WILMOT LUNT

BOY: "Father, do you know that every winter an animal puts on a new fur coat?"
FATHER: "Hush! Not so loud! Your mother's in the next room!"

The Last

BY "JINGLE" *Illustrat*

Produced on Saturday,

JOSÉ COLLINS AND BERTRAM WALLIS

KINGSLEY LARK

VESTA SYLVA AND BILLY LEONARD

AMONG other things, this bright and lively entertainment demonstrates the wonderful popularity of Miss José Collins. There are moments during the piece when she has, so to speak, to brush the audience away from her, so overwhelming is the vigorous applause. When all has been said, however, the attitude of the audience is very reasonable. Miss Collins sings and acts in this play more captivatingly than ever before, and as she fortunately adds a highly attractive appearance to a very nice art, the enthusiasm of the kind friends in front is more than justified. Perhaps her finest effort is the "Mirror Song" which she sings to the accompaniment of a fascinating melody as if she were, indeed, talking to her looking glass. I should not like to say that I caught all the words of the song, but, then, what a lady says to her mirror is almost as confidential as what her mirror says to a lady; and I never was an eavesdropper of that kind.

THE scene of the play is Vandalia, which is, of course, neither here nor there. As the story goes, the Countess Vera Lisaveta was standing around in the ballroom one evening, when the reigning Prince sought to imprint an unwelcome kiss upon her dainty lips. Just at that moment Lieut. Jack Merrington, an Englishman, happened to be passing, and seeing that the Prince was making himself *de trop*, and otherwise objectionable, Jack hustled him unceremoniously on one side. You can always trust an Englishman to keep these Princelets in

Waltz

AT THE GAIETY

by MACMICHAEL

ober 7

their places. As the Prince took the affront rather badly, Jack drew his sword, and then he was mildly surprised to find himself under arrest, and sentenced to be shot at dawn. It is with this harsh fate hanging over his head that he turns up in the ante-chamber of General Krasian, who is keeping him under guard till the clock strikes. Jack, however, is very nonchalant about it all. He sits on the edge of the table with one leg swinging carelessly, and sings about man being master of his fate, in words that are reminiscent of the late W. T. Henley. This part is taken by Mr. Kingsley Lark, whose singing is greeted with special warmth.

GENERAL KRASIAN (what a gift for the punsters!) is a fat, elderly, and good-humoured chap, who is about to marry, or thinks he is, for the fourth time—or is it the fifth? The bride is no less a lady than the Countess Vera, previously mentioned as the heroine of the ball-room affront. Considering that she is both young and lovely, and that her prospective bridegroom is neither, it is easy to imagine the ladies of the audience asking with some justification whatever she could have seen in him. But the engagement is obviously not a serious proposition, or we should not have General Krasian complacently standing guard over the man who is to die for the crime of protecting the General's prospective bride from insult. Presently Vera herself appears, and she and Jack start singing together with a nice harmony that makes it clear to everyone that he is going to marry the girl. In the second act, anxious to pass agreeably the few hours still left to him in life, Jack obtains permission to go into the adjacent ball-room. I do not think I have yet given an indication that a ball

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

is proceeding, but that sort of thing is such an indispensable feature of musical comedy, that it has no doubt been taken for granted. Besides, you can't very well have a last waltz without a suitable place in which to dance it.

It is in the ball-room that we hear the strains of the "Last Waltz" definitely, though bits of it crop up here and there throughout the score, so that people with a nice ear can hum it to themselves on the way home after the performance. It is, I judge, a tune that is likely to be very popular. Jack's idea is that if this is to be his last waltz before the shooting begins, he can't have too much of it. But by this time Vera has quite obviously fallen in love with him, and she is taking steps of her own to ensure his escape.

She has a car at the door and tells Jack that he is to drive to the railway station where the midnight express will be obligingly held up for him so that he can be across the frontier in no time. Indeed, a panoramic scene shows us the little puff-puff winding its way through the mountains to the railway station. Jack is for the moment so completely under the spell of this beautiful woman that he decides to go; but, apparently, just as he was going down the last step, he remembered that he was breaking parole, and, therefore, not quite playing the game. And just as Vera is laughing at General Krasian and his brother officers on account of her cleverness in having outwitted them all, Jack comes back like the historical cat, and says he has come to stay. The only thing left to be done, therefore, is to appeal to the blustering Prince's clemency. This feat is left for the third act and is successfully and happily accomplished.

As in most entertainments of this kind the humorous department improves with the age of the piece. When I saw the production the fun was not particularly uproarious, though I am bound to say it gave a good deal of satisfaction in parts. Mr. Billy Leonard is chiefly responsible for what success is achieved, and he certainly works desperately hard. At one time, for instance, he is coming down a staircase with little mincing steps holding a sunflower in his hand.

By way of a rich joke he holds the sunflower over his head like an umbrella, and here and there the ladies shriek aloud. I have never been able quite to understand the mentality of musical comedy audiences, who laugh so eagerly at jokes and business that would hardly be tolerated in any but the most screaming of farces. Perhaps it is the natural reaction after the deadly serious manner in which they drink in the music. Mr. Leonard is Baron Mekowitch in the play, and his chief gag is that he cannot make up his mind which of three sisters it is with whom he is in love. It is a case of how happy could I be with one, were the other two dear charmers away; and when the light humour of the situation is not permitted to become extravagant it is very agreeable.

As it happens, a fourth sister turns up uninvited in the ball-room, a mere flapper, most agreeably played by Miss Vesta Sylva, who, I take it, is as young as she looks. She is told by her Mamma that she must say "No" to everything the gentlemen say to her, another reminiscence in the world of melody. The usual method of dealing with this complication is to put questions in a negative way so that the two negatives make an affirmative, as explained by my dear friend, the late Lindley Murray, in his playful brochure on the English Language. Miss Amy Augarde, as a match-making Mamma, is a very agreeable dispenser of light humour, with a dignity of its own, and her singing is as delightful as ever. The play is like Hamlet without the Prince for the first two acts, as Prince Paul does not appear till Act 3, when he makes up for lost time. He seems to dominate the scene at once and is admirably represented by Mr. Bertram Wallis, who, I am glad to see, is as popular as ever.

It would appear that the Gaiety has at last found its mascot, and that Miss José Collins, with her deservedly large following of enthusiastic admirers, will fill the house for many months to come.

JINGLE

One of the Blooms—

—"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

Miss Marion Davies as she appears in the film which is puzzling London at the Scala. This quaint mélange of English history and American "pep" purports to tell the story of Henry VIII.'s insistence upon a marriage between Mary Tudor (Miss Davies) and the King of France. Mr. Lyn Harding's interpretation of the bluff king is convincingly like his traditional portraits The film, as a film, ranks among the best produced, but we are uncertain whether or not the "history" is an elaborate joke of the producer

BY P. PADDEN

"A STRONG, SILENT MAN"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE END OF A TETHER

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell

MRS. AYRE had taken to saying, since her widowhood, that her first experience of marriage had taught her a great deal about men.

She always dropped her eyelids, noted for their white, statuesque beauty, over this remark, and the ensuing silence was eloquent.

It had the same effect as if a sometime sojourner on an African farm had spoken reminiscently of ostriches.

People gathered vaguely that a second matrimonial essay for her was improbable, if not out of the question. But Cherry Ayre, who reserved her "given" name of Charlotte for cheques, could have had many suitors, not only because a large income without encumbrances is an asset to any woman, however fair, but because she happened to possess a certain intrinsic charm, that no flaw in her character (and she had many) could blemish—the feminine irresistible lure that has set Helen and Cleopatra and Ninon, and some of their latter-day sisters, in the forefront of the women who count to men. Even if Cherry had been ugly men would have wanted to make love to her; as it was she had the irregular, wayward good looks that are always intriguing, and a profound indifference to love-making, which, when it is genuine, is also an attraction to them.

No one would have coupled her name with Gilham Grant's, because he was notoriously a disciple of the Shavian creed, dividing women into two contingents, and fleeing resolutely from the one that meant annexation.

Yet when these two met it was like a conjunction of planets—the width of the firmament could not keep them apart! Women who had despaired of him eyed Mrs. Ayre askance, and told him under their breath what a mull she had made of things for her husband; men who had tried to gain her favour hinted to her, with the candour of disinterested friendship, that she was taking on trouble in large chunks if she yielded to a fellow like Grant.

Their arguments poured through the minds of the altruistic pair like water through a sieve, and the engagement, announced with intemperate haste after only a week of mutual approach, hurried on rapidly towards a marriage day.

Cherry had never even enquired into his bank-balance, optimistically convinced that he loved her. A little incident that happened a day or two before their wedding deprived her of one of her girls-in-waiting for the event.

Lady Elizabeth Dean, the newest *débutante* of the year, wrote a hurried note of apology saying that her mother was called abroad and needed her companionship.

It troubled Cherry very little, though it spoilt the quartette; she was too steeped in happiness to give more than a passing thought to it. But everyone she met seemed to be talking of Lizzie Dean, and a scandal unfurled its wings and fluttered about until it was a full-grown *canard*.

There had been a river party to one of the upper reaches of the Thames, and only on the re-assembling of it at Paddington was the discovery made that one couple was missing, Lady Lizzie and—who?

No one was quite sure as to her cavalier, and it was surmised that they had taken some other route or some other train back.

Next day, however, it leaked out that the couple had missed the last train up, and, being unable to obtain a motor, had stayed the night in the riverside hotel and returned early next morning.

Moreover, it was whispered that the man, in spite of being "had on the mat" by Lady Fareham, Elizabeth's mother, refused to consider himself, or her, compromised, and declared that he was already pledged to another girl.

Lady Lizzie was hurried away at once to Switzerland, and the matter was hushed up; but rumour still dallied with it, and on the eve of the Grant-Ayre wedding, when a few women friends were privileged to have a private view of Cherry in her gown, it was tossed to and fro like a ball.

"If I were the *fiancée*, and my man got lost at a picnic with another girl, I should make her a present of him," said Diana Brough, who was reputed to have had as many proposals as there were birthdays in her eighteen summers of life.

"Who is he?" asked Cherry; "he seems to be both foolish and clever."

There was a dead silence—one of those pauses that are more significant than speech.

Cherry, regarding with complacence in a long mirror the cloth of silver dress that was to seal her new bondage on the morrow, caught a swift and meaning glance that passed from one of her friends to another.

And like a bolt from the blue came a flash of blinding suspicion.

She affected not to notice that no one had replied to her query, appealed to the group of feminine critics for a decision about some detail of her dress, and dismissed them finally with smiling grace.

And when the last had gone she went straight to the telephone, and rang up Grant.

"I want you to come round at once," she said.

"But isn't it unlucky for us to meet to-night, belovedest?" he expostulated.

"I daresay it is. You must come all the same." There was a note in her voice that set him wondering.

"Of course I'll come if you want me," he agreed. "I'm due at the

(All rights strictly reserved)

"THE END OF A TETHER" (concluded)

club in about a minute and a half for my funeral feast, but I'll take you on the way. They must just wait."

She made no answer, and his uneasiness deepened.

She was still in her wedding-dress when he arrived, and he quickened his steps across the room at the wonderful vision of her.

But Cherry stretched out a forbidding hand.

"Wait!" she said, imperiously. "I want to ask you a question."

He halted, and his face hardened. It was not the sort of greeting that an ardent bridegroom was prepared for.

"Were you or were you not at the picnic that was such a fiasco to Lizzie Dean?"

"I was."

"Do you know the man who got lost with her?"

"Well—yes—as a matter of fact I do."

"Who was he?"

"That, I am sorry to say, I can't tell you. As a matter of fact——" He hesitated, and then added, "I promised not to give him away."

"Indeed. Which do you prefer to give away? Her or me?"

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that I don't choose people to believe that the man was yourself—as they do."

"Does it matter so long as you know it wasn't?"

Angry as he felt there was a touch of tenderness in his voice, for he realised that she was strung up to concert-pitch, and that she would not mind so much if she did not love him.

"But I don't know. Why shouldn't it be you?"

"Heaps of reasons. If I had been such an ass as to miss several last trains—or such a cad as to persuade Lizzie——"

"You call her Lizzie," she broke in, violently.

"I was merely echoing you. I was going to say that I could have taken one of several ways out. Hired a car and driven her up to town, for instance."

"You could have—but that still doesn't prove anything."

"I am on trial, then," he said, quietly, "do you want me to speak on oath?"

"No. I'm not anxious for you to perjure yourself. If you were not the man why did you fail to turn up at the Roseleaf Ball? I have just remembered that was the very evening."

"Because the man I was dining with asked me as a special favour not to. We were to have gone on there together, and as he was prevented he——"

She made a quick gesture of impatience.

"Tell me the name of the man you were to have dined with."

He was silent. She laughed mirthlessly.

"I suppose you made a promise to him, too," she said. "Well, you can keep faith with your friend, and I can give you back mine in you. I see the whole story now."

She drew the ring from her third finger and laid it on the table.

"I shall send the usual announcement to the papers to-night," she said, "and telegrams to the guests."

She went slowly to the door, then turned and looked at him. Grant was moving towards the table where the ring lay. His expression was untranslatable.

She knew that she was crossing a Rubicon, and it made her desperate. "Why, oh why," was the passionate question in her heart, "did he not make her retract her decision—force her to admit that she still wanted to marry him in spite of a thousand Lizzie Deans!"

"I'm sorry," said Grant, slowly, "that I ever met you. But since it all counts for nothing to you it's easily mended." He lifted the ring slowly and carried it to his waistcoat pocket.

Cherry went white to her lips. She had not meant it to end like this.

"Easily," she echoed, "and you are free to marry Lizzie now. The excuse of a pre-engagement is removed."

"By Gad!" Grant exclaimed, "is that what people think?"

"They think," she answered, and her words were like chips of ice, "exactly what you told them to think."

"By Gad!" he said again, reflectively, "that makes a way out for her, certainly."

For a minute he stood thinking deeply.

Then he looked at her intently.

"You won't take the ring back and drop the subject?" he asked.

"The ring that ought to be another woman's?" she counter-questioned.

"The ring that shall be another woman's," he answered, firmly, "if it isn't yours."

She laughed again. "I wish her joy of it," she said, and went out.

. . . . . .

It was the marriage at a registrar's between Sir Maurice Coventry and Cissie Blair, of the Brevity, a few days later that jogged everyone's memory, and over the teacups people were saying, "Morrie Coventry! Of course, he was the missing man at the picnic! Gilham Grant and he were friends, and neither of them came to the Roseleaf Ball! Morrie has been a rotter!"

Cherry, hearing it on all sides, wondered whether Grant had gone too far to recall.

And at this very time Grant and Lady Elizabeth, after a luge run together, were having a confidential talk.

"Sir Maurice told me," she said, "that he had telephoned to my people about our missing the train, and that they were sending down a car for me. The car never arrived—and I learnt afterwards that no message was received from him. He—he tried to make love to me——"

She broke off with tears in her beautiful innocent eyes.

Grant's exclamation was almost inaudible. This man had been his friend, and had told him quite a different story.

Lady Lizzie repressed the tears and went on.

"I have been thinking since, from things he said, that he had quarrelled with this girl whom he has married, and wanted to make her jealous and get her back."

Grant took her hands in his.

"Lizzie," he said, "heaps of people think I was the man. Let them go on thinking so. What does it matter? We can settle all our scores together. You are going to marry me—and I'm going to make you happy."

And he kissed the tears away while he slipped a diamond ring on her finger.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

A Triumph for an English Actress

MIRIAM LEWES' GREAT ACTING IN "CHARLES I."

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

KING CHARLES' QUEEN: MISS MIRIAM LEWES

The revival of W. G. Wills' historical play at the Ambassadors has given opportunity to Miss Lewes in the part of Queen Henrietta Maria to display her really great dramatic capacity, and it is to be hoped that London managers will see that London is not easily deprived, in favour of the provinces, of such acting, and such an actress as this. Above is the scene of Cromwell's (right, H. St. Barbe West) dramatic entry into the King's (Russell Thorndike) tent after the rout of the Royalist forces. The traitor Moray (Cyril Hardington) is on the extreme right

SWEET ARE MISUSES . . .

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

"Frankly admitted that she 'Slayt piano'"

EARLY in the Occupation of Cologne a board was set up outside the station advertising various Army entertainments directed by a light-hearted fellow described as the "Amusements Officer." Amongst these available antidotes to the naughty *cabaret*, the Powers that Be omitted to include the German advertiser. "Our true intent is all for your delight" might, surely, head some of his announcements, at all events in the daily papers' matrimonial column, for such entertainment as they regularly provide can hardly be accidental.

Here, for instance, is how an astute gentleman from Aachen attempts to kill two birds with one stone:

> Young merchant, stranger, seeks suitable life-comrade. The chief necessity is that she should have floor space, as I intend to start a wholesale business. Ladies or widows (*sic*) who can dispose of three suitable rooms please communicate, etc.

An equally practical suitor in Cologne announces:

> I am looking for a Catholic lady under thirty, homely, as musical as possible (piano and vocal), French-speaking, who will assure happiness in a sunny home and exert herself to help me in business. Pleasant appearance desirable.

What a charming picture does this conjure up of the homely, French-speaking lady flitting from sunny home to business exertions and back again to musical exertions (piano and vocal) with an agility calculated to leave the busy bee gasping, yet contriving to look desirably pleasant despite it all.

Should the Aachen gentleman, failing to find a "lady," have to content himself with a "widow," here is, in Mainz, a—

> Catholic war-widow seeking suitable (Catholic) life-companion; she has capital and good complete furniture for seven rooms,

yet one doubts, somehow, whether she would find congenial warehouse-room for it with that three-roomed wholesaler. One can only hope that these advertisers will sort themselves out somehow, and eventually insert in a neighbouring column one of those neat little *carte-de-visite* announcements.

"A splendid Sunday-girl arrived at our house to-day," or "Instead of cards—we have got a second son," or perhaps, "Filled with joy, Herr and Frau Quatschkopf announce the lucky birth of an heir to the house," all of which poetic expressions of our own soulless "At Tooting Bec, of a son," are of constant occurrence.

Naturally, the finest efforts are made by Germans advertising in our language. There is a pathetic candour about the announcement in the *Cologne Post* of the Fräulein who, in recommending herself as companion in an English family, recently laid modest claim to a "Food knowledge of French" (it is not quite clear whether she means sufficient to earn her daily bread, or that she can read the *menu*), and frankly admitted that she "Slayt piano." A trifle euphemistic, that, perhaps—but how many murder it without having the courage to admit even slaying?

Here is a business firm confidently announcing—

> We recommend our firm for drawing goods of all Articles for the Nursing of Babes. Additionatly we point at our section for bandages of every kind. Serving for genlemen and ladies of people doing busiuers only in these branches if desired not binding visit in your to be favours with orders and tho show our.

Additionally, the bewildered Britisher points at the concluding sentence, and can only conjecture the answer to be a beaver.

But the top of the bill must certainly be reserved for the merchant who describes a now familiar novelty of a year or so back as—

> FAVORIT PROPELLER FAN!
> EXHAUSTOR FOR HAUD.
> The highest novelty of the season and for exportation. This novelty is a movable fan by which of means the propeller wings are moved by ressort which is squilched down by a botton with one haud.
> Unrivaled prices, to be had in ivory or turtle shell or celluloid. Also painted in National colours if desired.
> Registred Novelty!

How often has one idly watched those propeller wings of turtle shell without thinking of the agonising process which brings about their pleasant movement—of the agonies of that ressort, as the merciless botton squilches it down again and again under the remorseless impulse of one haud. What matter if, as the seller admits, his prices are "unrivaled"? His advertising, at least, is just priceless.

ERIC GORDON GEDYE

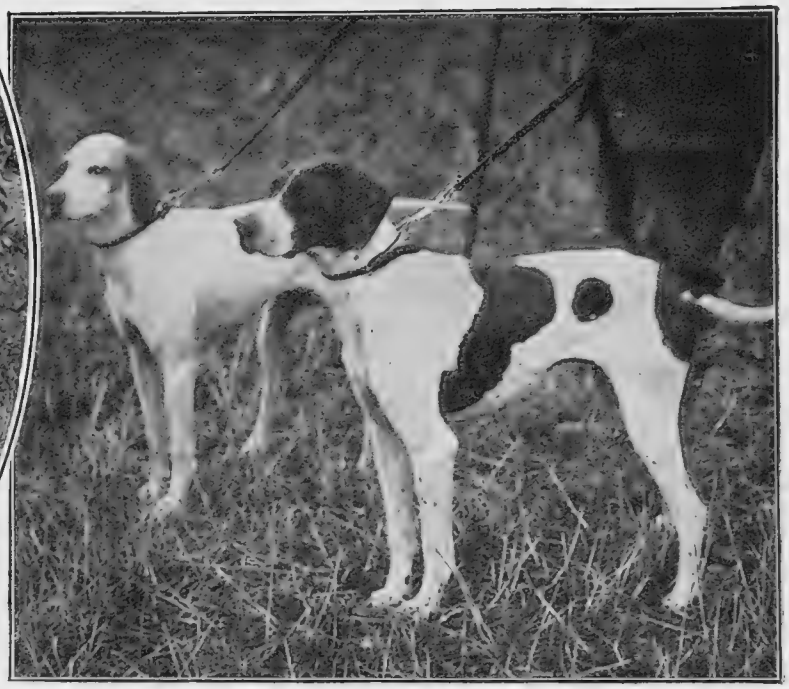
SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

"A light-hearted fellow described as the 'Amusements Officer'"

A Dog's Day in Cornwall

SOME POINTER TRIAL PICTURES

THE JUDGES



"LEMON" AND "MUST" WHO WON FIRST AND SECOND PRIZES

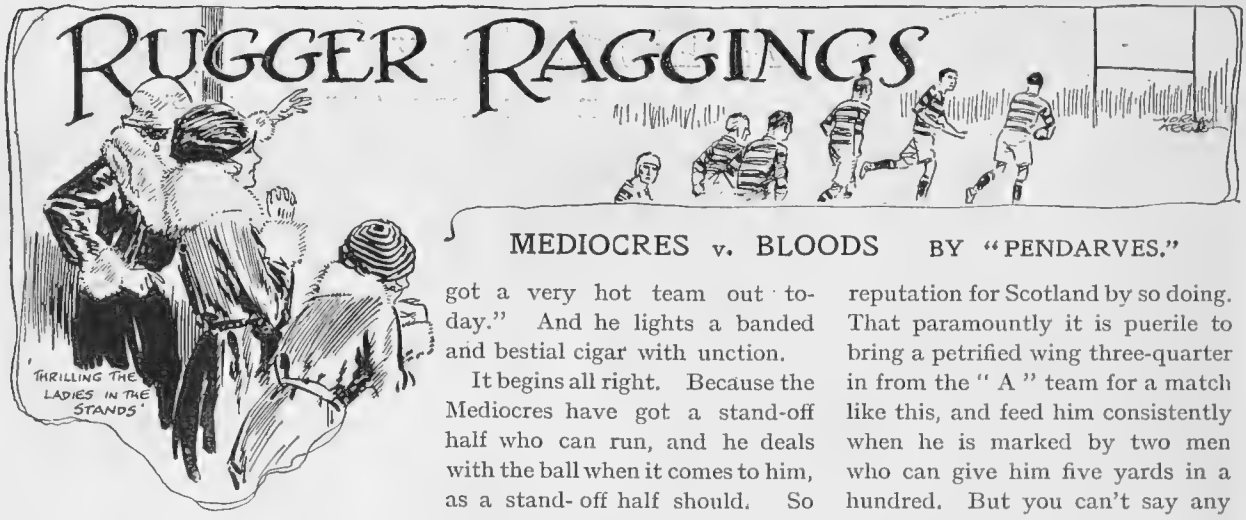
Mr. Miller (left) and Mr. East, who officiated as judges at the field dog trials held recently by the kind invitation of Captain Johnstone, of Trewithen, at Shepherds and Treludderow in Cornwall. The two dogs, "Lemon" and "Must," besides winning here, have also gained distinction at the Kennel Club Show and at Edinburgh

Photographs *Topical*

A LUNCHEON GROUP: THE GUESTS OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHNSTONE AT TRELUDDEROW

The second pointer and setter trials, which this year took place at Shepherds and Treludderow, were well attended, the dogs all working well and contributing to the meeting's success. In the group will be recognised: Major Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rowe, Mr. F. John, Mr. and Mrs. Benthall, Sir William Austin, Mr. Austin, Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Welman and many others

RUGGER RAGGINGS



MEDIOCRES v. BLOODS

BY "PENDARVES."

It is a bad thing for all concerned when a side, by a process of wrong elimination, fate, or the predatory instincts of other clubs, finds itself shorn of any players of first-class calibre it may once have possessed, and up against a team of star performers on the latter's own ground.

So distressing was the afternoon responsible for these plaintive notes of mine that I am compelled by a spirit of extraordinary chivalry (which, I hope, may be duly observed by their heaviest forwards) to cover their shame and the teams' names under a graceful pseudonym.

Moreover, it may happen on almost any Saturday on any ground, so I can escape under that *alias* also. This is the kind of thing that happens.

The Mediocres take the field, emerging very spruce and gay from the hole beneath the Royal Box. And you see a pretty bout of short passes as they run into positions. Pretty bouts of short passes, taken with one hand at a jog trot, thrill the few ladies in the stands to the backbone. Then enter the Bloods hard upon their heels, and the spasmodic clapping by one or two overwrought camp followers echoes dismally about in the corrugated iron of the roofing. As you notice one Super-Blood after another wandering nonchalantly to his allotted place you glance quickly at the unknown names of Mediocres on the programme, and say to the man on your left:

"I say, bit of a walk-over this will be—what?"

But he is a Mediocre camp follower, and indignantly snubs you with, "Not at all. We've got a very hot team out to-day." And he lights a banded and bestial cigar with unction.

It begins all right. Because the Mediocres have got a stand-off half who can run, and he deals with the ball when it comes to him, as a stand-off half should. So that amid a tremendous amount of exhortation the one to the other among the Mediocres you find the half-awakened Bloods being dangerously pressed in their own 25. And the banded cigar merchant looks you over with a pained tolerance.

But it doesn't last long. The Bloods' full-back finds touch about three parts down the field, and in another minute or so a Blood three-quarter has pranced over their line with easy grace, and touches down behind the goal-posts.

When the try has been converted the whole of the Blood side, having tasted it, wake up, and pretend they are being really extended. This game of make-believe is a little unfortunate for their opponents, and try follows try with a monotonous frequency. So much so that the cigar merchant is now smoking the paper of the band without noticing it, and is behaving in the secluded, distrait manner of the cross-channel passenger upon whom events are moving slowly but surely.

You have a frantic desire at half-time to climb over the stand and tell some of the Mediocres, who are lying prone on their backs about the field, that it is fatal to go on shouting instructions in the scrum when you want all the wind you have got for action, not talk. That it avails little to kick into touch at right angles. That it is no good starting movements that are as slow as they are obvious. That wild passes are very likely indeed to be intercepted by the opponent, who has eight international caps to his credit and is a born opportunist. That it is folly to try and sell a clumsy dummy to a half-back who made his reputation for Scotland by so doing. That paramountly it is puerile to bring a petrified wing three-quarter in from the "A" team for a match like this, and feed him consistently when he is marked by two men who can give him five yards in a hundred. But you can't say any of these things—unless you say them to the cigar merchant, which would be unwise in his present condition.

And so the long game wears on. The man perched up on the scoring board begins to run perilously short of numbers to hang up; and two Blood camp followers on the terrace beneath you have reached such satiety as to have ceased looking on at the Greek drama, but are busying themselves instead with a discussion of Express Delivery's chances for the Cambridgeshire.

From boredom yourself, and repeated regrets that you, too, did not go and see the South Africans of Guy's Hospital putting it across the Services at Honor Oak Park, you are suddenly galvanised into a dismayed interest at the spectacle of certain of the Bloods making clumsy mistakes themselves. This type of football is bad for the best players, and a side which has already piled up a score of 38 points to nil is apt to become careless. The Bloods will have to go all out next Saturday, and to see them doing dangerously experimental things is bad football, easily repeated the following week. You long for the final whistle in order that they may not get into a silly groove. And at last it comes, followed by the wan cheer of the massacred Mediocres.

Well, at least, there is tea for you in the Members' Room, and a drive home in a Super-Blood's Daimler.

You wonder what he will say about it all?

And with a cheery "so-long" to the depressed cigar merchant, you stroll across the graveyard to find out.

"Man Overboard!"

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

A NAVAL DIVING CLASS UNDER INSTRUCTION

MLLE. RAYMONDE THUILLIER

TWO PAGES FROM "THE BOOK OF FAIR WOMEN"

MRS. LYDIG HOYT

These two types of French and American beauty are taken from Mr. E. O. Hoppé's "Book of Fair Women," in which he has included camera studies of beautiful women the world over, and which Mr. Richard King, the essayist, has prefaced with some few words on Beauty and its necessary attribute, charm. Some lovely Englanders selected by Mr. Hoppé are Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard, the Lady Diana Duff-Cooper and Miss Gladys Cooper; from the Americans he has taken Lady Lavery, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and the Viscountess Maidstone. Truly a beautiful book

The Champagne Island.

By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 23

DEAR COUSIN—

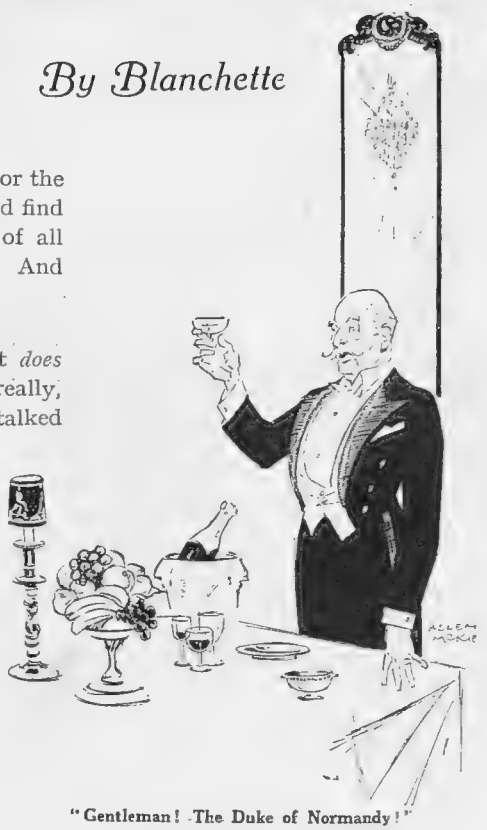
HAVE you ever had champagne in the middle of the morning? Just a glass or so, with, say, a Bath Oliver biscuit. All sparkling and fresh and bracing, not to say just slightly 'toxicating. And all the more intriguing and fascinating, too, 'cos it comes a bit out of its proper and conventional time and season, so to speak?

THAT'S what *I've* just been doing, anyway, and very nice, too. Not absolutely literally, though, not this time, at least. I mean it's rather what I *feel* like after a flying visit to that perfectly wonderful and entrancing and sun-washed little island—well-fitted, methinks, for a residence for the immortal gods (said she, poetically) —that's known to us mere British mortals as Guernsey. Though must confess I *rather* prefer, on the whole, its old French spelling of Guernesey.

NOT abs'lutely lit'ral flying needed to get there, either—though as it's only nine hours from town by rail and boat by the good old comfortable South Western, can't say there's *much* time wasted *en route*—what? And oh, when you get there. . . . Glorious hot sunshine, deep Italian blue skies, soft, whispering breezes, flowers and fruit all a-growing and a-blowing, crystal-clear warm seas washing the rich brown rocks and tempting you in to bathe. . . . And all in these draughty and decadent days of our own traditionally chill October, too.

QUITE a sort of a shock, really, to emerge sleepily from your cosy berth after a good long snooze from Southampton to St. Peter Port, and come blinking into the full, cloudless glory of an October day in ye ancient and picturesque harbour, that looks like anything in the world but a real British "seaside resort." Feels quite like plunging into the unknown wilds of some little old French or Italian town—till you've been driven the few yards along to the Royal or the Government House Hotel, and find yourself right in the midst of all sorts of modern luxuries. And British ones at that.

'COS, I must admit, that *does* make a difference, really, having one's own language talked all around, even when everything else is rather d'lightfully un-English. In a place where, f'rinstance, they have *procureurs* and *avocats* and *quais* and things, and write all their law records in French. And if anyone annoys you you just cry out in a loud voice, "*Haro! Haro! Haro! A l'aide, mon Prince! On me fait tort!*" or words to that effect, and something's simply *got* to be done about it right away. Isn't it quite *too* intriguingly lovely?



"Gentleman! The Duke of Normandy!"

NOT to mention all sorts of utterly sweet seigneurial customs, et cet. Actually *have* real live Seigneurs, they do, a whole twenty-four of 'em, and lots and lots of nice old moss-grown, lichen-covered survivals to match. Fiefs, for example, held from the King—but hush, hush! No such thing as a British monarch in this little island, not at any price. And even when they drink his health at the most official banquets and such-like affairs, it's "Gentlemen! The Duke of Normandy!" That starts the ball rolling, as you might say.

"Guernsey's full of flowers and fruit"

USED to *b'long* to Normandy, you know, and it and its brother islands are the very oldest possessions of our Crown, from William the Conq. downwards—or, anyway, so the history books say. And keep up some rather extra nice antique customs, too, they do. Such as, for one, income tax at only just a mere modest sixpence in the pound—think of it! Positively *pay* one to go and live there, wouldn't it, on what you save on taxes alone? Not counting that you don't have to hand out duties on anything in the wide, wide world, so't your cigarettes and scents and things are practic'ly *given* away. . . .

OH, but it's the happy little islet itself, though, and all the things that therein are and bloom

and flourish, that *really* matter most, methinks. The quite divine bays and places—like Devon ones, only more so—with green slopes running down nearly to the sea, and great flat rocks to bathe from, and deep, clear water to dive into. And all with nice French names like Moulin Huet and Petit Bot and Icart and such-like romantic sounding words.

卐

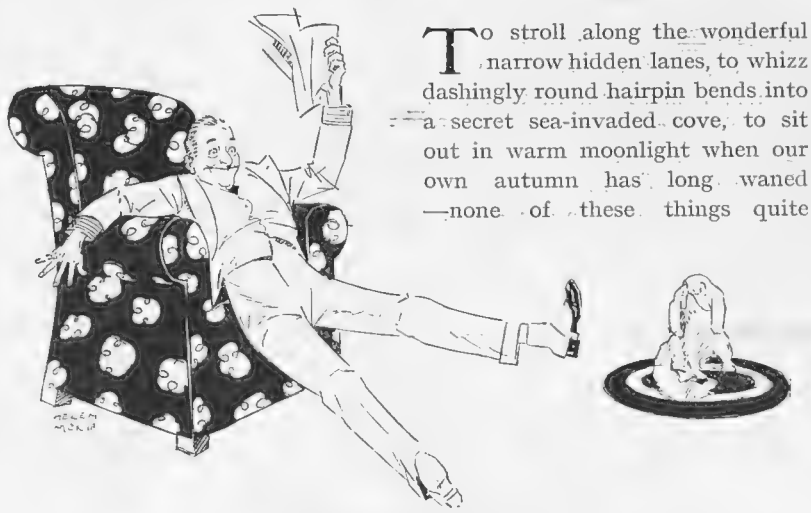
And lots of tiny rocky inlets, too, all along the coast, that you "steer" in and out of in your boat in a blaze of brilliant sunshine, 'tween bathes and picnics and dances and sand-eeling parties, and other frivolous amusements of the simple denizens of the Champagne Isle. Though not too simple, methinks, to collect an uncommonly good time in the intervals of earning enough money to—oh, well, pay no taxes, what? Even bathe on Christmas Day, *on dit*, without turning a hair or getting even faintly pink in the nose or blue about the cheeks. And can really quite b'lieve it, too.

■

Haven't told you really *properly*, though—have I?—'bout the real haunting charm of Guernsey, that seems to sort of fling an atmosphere about you, and grapple you to its soul with hooks of steel, as Shakespeare puts it. Or rather of sweet scents and sounds, I think, and soft old-world charms. To wander through the markets, f'rinstance, with their masses of grapes and melons and violets and fresh crabs and lobsters, and other lovely *material* things . . .

卐

To stroll along the wonderful narrow hidden lanes, to whizz dashingly round hairpin bends into a secret sea-invaded cove, to sit out in warm moonlight when our own autumn has long waned—none of these things quite translates or explains its own very special and elusive charm. P'raps it's really 'cos everything's so simple and yet so complete, so picturesquely modern, and, same time, so saturated and soaked with old, old traditions and things?



"Income-tax at 6d. in the pound"

卐

Ancient castle, f'rinstance, dating back to 1145, next door and cheek-by-jowl with rows and rows of glass-houses sheltering the succulent but humble tomato. Whereof Betty Chester in the new Co-Optimists' show at the Prince of Wales' so co-optimistically sings about how—

She always grills them on the steak—
A fate which falls to martyrs!

Quite too terribly, fearfully, frightfully, awfully (as darling Gideon would put it) shameless punsters, these aforesaid Co-Ops, aren't they, what?

■

But a perfect joy and delight all the same, all the time. Partly, p'raps, 'cos they *are* so completely and charmingly childish, in the right sort of way, I mean. Especially in their very latest new show, which I really do think is (most 'stonishingly) 'bout the best of the lot. Tickles *my* foolish mind positively to death, anyway, I must confess, to hear Gilbert Childs, got up *à la* Trini, singing all about how he's

A fearful and terrible vamp . . .

Or exhorting us earnestly and patriotically—

Don't let 'em sack the British Nivy . .

■

And arguing with insouciant and irrefutable logic—

What *does* it matter if income tax
Is £2 in the pound?
We can owe it,
Like we always did before.

Or, of course, buzz off to taxless Guernsey. Where no one even seems to worry, by the way, over things like our General Election that's now so near at hand, they say—keep *on* saying, in fact, and chatting and writing reams and reams about it till one almost *longs* for a nice big murder or something to make life, and the daily papers, bright and breezy, and interesting once more!

"Politicians preparing election speeches"

■

Just quietly go on making their own little laws, you know, they do, in that happy little island, like they make their own Eau de Cologne, and sweets, and other really *nice* things . . . Oh—

Oh to be in Guernsey,
Now November's near!

as the poet sang—or would have, if he'd only known.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

If you cannot get supplies (Home Market) we will help you as far as we can. Send us your cheque for £7 16 0 *for one dozen and we will pass it on to an Agent who has stocks.*

An Eminent Biologist

has declared that "Amoeba" which is said to be the lowest known form of life consists of 98.2% constituents of life which can be analysed and standardized by chemistry.

He admits that 1.8% cannot be accounted for and says, failing any further chemical analysis, the 1.8% must be supposed to be beyond the Chemist's ability to diagnose.

In relation to alcohol Chemists have made a chemical standard and tried to get it accepted, without allowing for the constituents that are beyond the Chemist's power to diagnose.

We who know alcohol and stimulation—not by chemical analysis but by centuries of experience—ignore (repectfully) the Chemist.

We challenge the Chemist to make Whisky. We admit that he can make spirit, but there is one thing that he cannot make in his laboratory and that is

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

Let him try his chemical spirit on himself and we will have no doubt of the result.

We are informed that wood alcohol—which has been the death of many hundreds of Americans—will pass the chemical standard of purity!

India office please wake up and come to the rescue of the best Indian traders who want India to have the benefit of the Immature Spirits Act

HAIG & HAIG · LTD., (*Distillers since* 1679) 57 SOUTHWARK STREET · LONDON · S.E.1

Haig & Haig
A LITTLE AND GOOD
MOTTO

SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph

CANDIDATES FOR THEIR COLOU

A group of "Colts" who took part in the trial gam A Among them are several young players of distin Hillard and J. B. Wheatley, two Paulines who ha re C. C. Bishop (U.C.S.), a pl b A

Photograph *L. N. A.*

LADY FENCERS IN THE FINAL POOL

For the Hutton Memorial Challenge Cup which was fought for at Bertrand's Academy. It was won easily by Miss Gladys Davis, who made 25 hits to 4 scored against her and gave a wonderful display of effective fencing. Miss Smalley was second. Left to right: Miss R. Johnstone, Miss Smalley, Miss Hurter, Miss Gossage, Miss Davis, Miss Smith

Photograph *Sport and General*

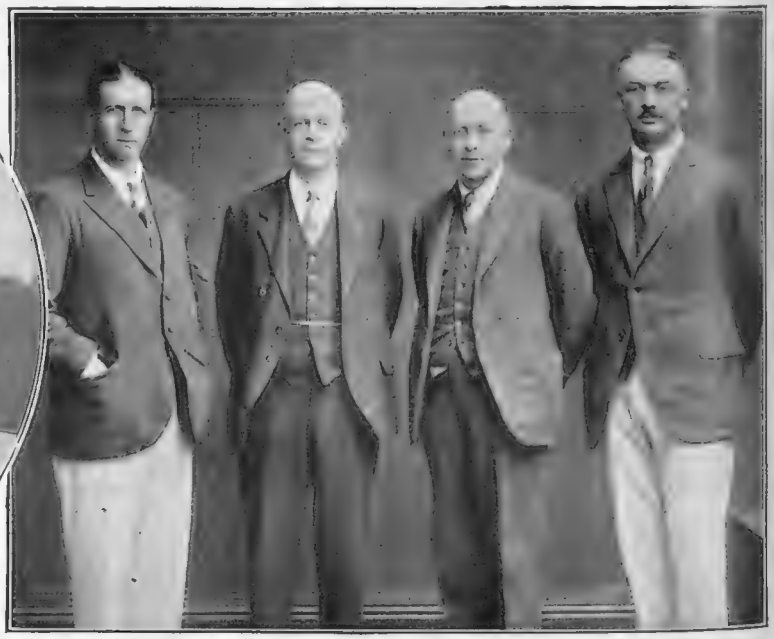
A COURSE IN THE LONSDALE CUP

Between "Daily Diet" and "Teagle" at the Border Union Coursing meeting at Lightwater, Penrith

Photograph *A. W. Fielder*

THE FLEET UNDER WAY

In the Minima Yacht Club's "All In" handicap at Kingston in which there were 25 boats. The winner was Mr. H. F. Baker's "Kia Ora"



Photograph *Central News*

CAPTAINS PAST AND PRESENT

Of English teams against South Africa. Left to right: J. W. H. T. Douglas (1913-14), P. F. Warner (1905-6), H. D. G. Leveson-Gower (1909-10), F. T. Mann (1922-23)

H. V. Clow

AS MEMBERS OF THE MIDDLESEX COUNTY "RUGGER" TEAM

ecently held on the Richmond Athletic Ground with a view to the discovery of rising talent for Middlesex. romite, notably F. H. Collier (Felsted), a half-back who has also been tried for Cambridge; R. J. oth gone to Oxford (forwards); J. M. Wainwright, a full-back who can also play three-quarter, and A. G. B. Thompson (Leys School) three-quarters

hotograph *Topical*

H. J. DAVIES (CENTRE THREE-QUARTER) SCORES FOR NEWPORT

n the big "Rugger" match between Newport and Blackheath. The movement which led up to this try was a clever one and Forsayth the Blackheath full-back (whose tackle, as will be seen, comes too late) was for once defeated. Newport won by a dropped goal, also scored by Davies, and this try to nil

Photograph *Sport and General*

LORD LINLITHGOW

Who has recently been elected Captain of the Royal St. George's Golf Club. Another distinguished golfer, Lord Charles Hope, is his brother

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT RANELAGH

A general view of the fifth green during the progress of the Competition. The semi-finalists were Mrs. McNair and Mrs. Hetherington (8), Miss J. Rogers and Miss D. R. Fowler (9) winners, Mrs. W. A. Gavin and Miss Joy Winn (5) second, and Mrs. Kelway Bamber and Mrs. Neilson (14)

ADVENTURE EUGENICS AND A WARNING

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Illustrated by* NICOLSON

THE world is still full of "a number of things," most of 'em rather jolly on the whole, and only the incorrigibly unadventurous can find any lack of adventure in it.

One doesn't think of Eastbourne as exactly the home of adventurous romance, but a correspondent in that favoured resort sends me an intriguing description of a recent "dog-fight" on the beach there that might have inspired the pens of the authors of *The Call of the Wild*, or that more really doggy and knowledgeable masterpiece, *Everybody's Dog Book*—which, by the way, is hereby commended to every doggy novice who writes to me for information, as the most practically informing of the modern Dog books.

It seems that a lady who went in to bathe was followed by her Pekingese, who—as it might have been on an Alaskan beach—was promptly mobbed by half a dozen beachcombings Dogs of the "Any other Varieties" class. Snatching sword and buckler (in the form of pail and spade) from some near-by castle-building infants, the plucky bather rushed to the succour of her little pal, and lay about her to some purpose; *carte* and *tierce*, and that sort of thing of the most approved. She rescued the Peke—Beg pardon! *Pekingese*, as a correspondent of *Our Dogs*, the *Times* of Dogdom, has reminded me—but not, I regret to report, before she had been more than once wounded. I really think her wrist and thigh bites entitle her to vertical gold stripes.

May I be permitted a word of warning to the owners and breeders of the smallest of the Dogs technically classified—unhappily and inaptly, as I think—"Toys"? Like most of their owners, very many of these little fellows are real sportsmen, and Sahibs from mask to plume. Being more discreet than valiant, myself, I'll name no names; but it's a fact that at least one variety among them has been markedly on the down grade of late in popular esteem; a serious matter for the Fancy. And the reason? Well, as much as anything, it's been due to indiscretion

on the part of owners, breeders, and exhibitors—especially the latter—(*a*) in breeding too small; and (*b*) pampering in different ways, a sin which almost always, perhaps inevitably, follows in the wake of breeding too small.

My word of warning—given with all deference—is primarily intended for those concerned with the breeds not yet actually injured, though already imperilled. The effort to produce Dogs of the size and weight of rats is emphatically unworthy of humane humans, contrary to good sense, and opposed to all the principles of genuine Dog-lovers. Thoroughly bad, and even cruel, in itself, it leads of necessity to all kinds of horridly artificial pampering, which again involves the worst kinds of cruelty—worse than most police court varieties, because causing more prolonged unhappiness—and, forget it not, ye fanciers, it leads in the long run to sure and steady loss of public favour, and the dusty shelf of the back number. You may doubt this, in view of the fancy prices paid by fanciful fools for special abnormalities; but it's true, all the same. Even if slow, the mills do grind small. As for the attempt to *mate* bitches weighing 2 lb. or 3 lbs., it's neither more nor less than criminal. I'd like to see all the owners of the little chaps get together to bar such unwholesomeness; to insist on the *bad form* of pampering—it's mere *self*-indulgence, mind you—and to guard against the real peril of the atomic craze; of breeding below the line of safety, health and soundness.

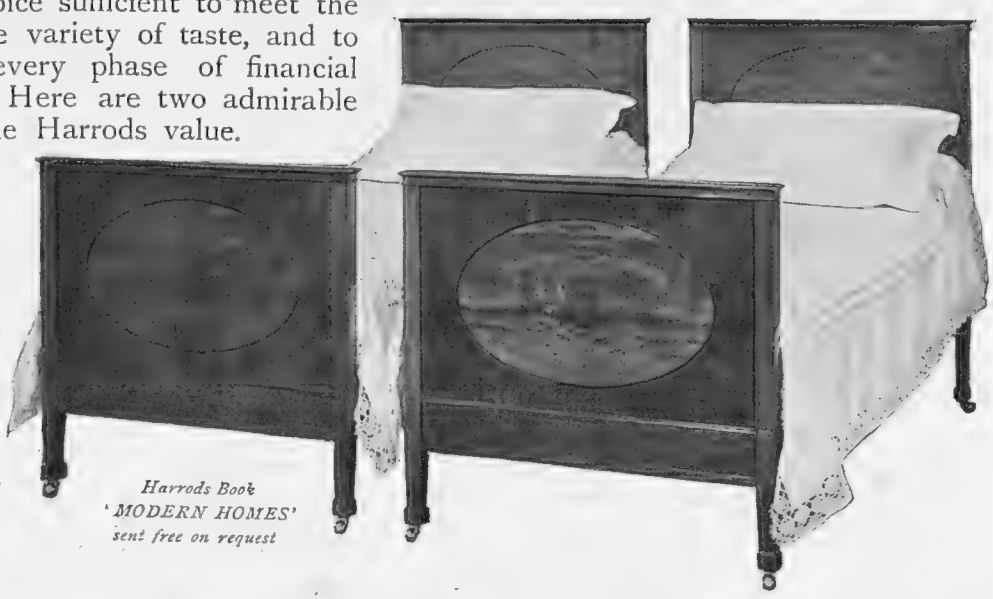
The camera-makers and snap-shot developers must owe a lot of their business to doggy folk. Here's a little tip. The prospective victim is on the lawn, or the drive, or somewhere outside; camera ranged on its target, and all well; only the victim simply won't show himself off, his expression telling only of boredom. Get a confederate to run indoors, and take a napkin or towel to a first-floor window overlooking the stage. At the critical moment (and not before) the confederate suddenly and sharply waves the white flag, with an urgent call of "*Kamerad*," or "any other loud cry," and the trick's done. With hounds I have found it electrical, and eminently satisfactory, provoking just the right expression of alert, challenging inquiry—top hole.

To-day (25th) there's a big Airedale Show at Birmingham, and a Members' Dog Show at Portsmouth. To-morrow (Thursday), the Bull-dog Club holds a championship show at the Lambeth Baths. (Can you tell me of a more lovable pal than a good Bull-dog?) On Tuesday next the Alsatian Wolf Dog Club Trials will be held at Sandown Park; a finer test of soundness, movement and the like than any Show-judging ring can afford.

Harrods

Bedsteads of Quality

It is merely stating a fact to say that the magnificent display of Bedsteads in Harrods Showrooms is a liberal education in the possibilities of this department of House Furnishing. From the most modest of designs to the most luxurious, there runs a gamut of choice sufficient to meet the widest possible variety of taste, and to accord with every phase of financial circumstance. Here are two admirable examples of the Harrods value.



Pair of highly finished MAHOGANY BEDSTEADS with very finely curled panels in oval centres. Finished a soft Brown Mahogany shade. The construction and finish is of the best workmanship throughout. Size 3ft. x 6ft. 6in. The pair

£45

Harrods Book 'MODERN HOMES' sent free on request

MAHOGANY CANE BEDSTEAD (shown on left) of the Queen Anne Period. With low foot end which is caned both sides. Finest workmanship and finish throughout. Fitted with wood sides and easy running French castors. Obtainable in the following sizes and prices:—

Size 5ft. 0ins. x 6ft. 6in. **£29 . 10 . 0**

Size 4ft. 6in. x 6ft. 6in. **£28 . 10 . 0**

Size 3ft. 0in. x 6ft. 6in. **£25 . 0 . 0**

Harrods pay carriage on orders value £10 and over to any station in the U.K.

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE LONDON SW 1

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Cautions

AFTER the Light Dragoon *délâcle* racing people are attacking the Cambridgeshire problem with a certain amount of caution. Last week saw the customary chops and changes in the betting. First Stratford appeared as a pronounced favourite, as, in my opinion, he was fully entitled to do after the way he pulverised Sister-in-Law and others in the Select Stakes. But a few hours later the Manton colt was supplanted by Condover, and on the next day we found yet another colt installed in favouritism in Poisoned Arrow. Possibly not one of the three will be first in request when the horses are at the start for the big race. At the time of writing, there seems a likelihood that Soubriquet, after all, will be found in the field, and in that case plenty of people will refuse to be stalled off her after what they saw her so smartly accomplish at Kempton Park.

Faith in Stratford

FOR my part, I shall stick to that faith in Stratford's chance, which I have steadfastly expressed all through the piece. They warn me he will not be the best from Manton, he is not to be depended on, and all that, But, when everything is said, you cannot get away from his performances. That trial he ran at Newmarket a fortnight ago left, in my judgment, very little to be desired, and with Joe Childs on his back I have no fear that he will fail to give his running in the Cambridgshire. One cannot deny, of course, that his task is quite a formidable one. The race, as usual, will attract the strongest handicap field of the season, and it takes a really good three-year-old to win the Cambridgeshire under 8 st. 4 lb. Still, I maintain that Stratford has convincingly proved his quality. I confess to having a dread of Condover, who by all accounts is restored to his two-year-old brilliance, while, of course, no student of form could pass over Poisoned Arrow and Soubriquet on their Kempton running. I could pick out several others with distinct chances, but I shall stand **Stratford,** taking POISONED ARROW as a second string.

Other Selections

THE Dewhurst Stakes on Thursday will bring out none of the real top sawyers among the youngsters, but it will be an interesting affair all the same. I shall depend on **Friar's Melody,** who was perhaps a bit unlucky to have been disqualified after his tight race with Tornaveen. **Compiler** appears to have been given a very fair chance in the New Nursery on Wednesday. **Franklin** is in such fine form just now that he may win the Durham Stakes on the concluding day, and I fancy **Ecila** for the Queensberry Handicap. On Saturday at "Ally Pally" the London Autumn Cup may be won by **Rock Fire.**

BY "THE TOUT"

"100 TO 1"

A caricature of the owner of Light Dragoon, Capt. F. Forester, who gave the bookmakers such a beanfeast over the Cesarewitch. The Captain has won the Cambridgeshire four times, twice with Hackler's Pride and twice with Christmas Daisy

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

Sport As Usual

IF one can judge by the reports which have continued to trickle into this office since our List of Hounds was published, hunting people in Ireland do not intend to allow the deplorable disorder in that country to interfere with their sport if they can possibly help it. It is a striking commentary on Irish life and temperament that even in those districts where trouble has been acute—and looks like remaining so—they tell you that there is little wrong with the prospects of the hunting season. Mrs. W. Hall, Ireland's only lady M.F.H. now that Miss Edith Somerville no longer hunts her pack, continues to hold the leadership of the Carlow Hunt, with Mr. W. E. Grogan to hunt the hounds for her. "Owing to a late harvest," runs the report from this country, "cub-hunting only began in the last week of September, but the young hounds are entering well, foxes in most parts are plentiful, and prospects should be good."

Any Offers?

IF anybody cares for the job of hunting the Galway "Blazers" the Mastership can be had for the asking. "We have plenty of foxes, and should have a good season, and would very much like to get a Master to take the hounds, with house and stabling available at the kennels," writes the hon. secretary of the Hunt. Any offers? Mr. J. F. Salis La Terriere has taken over the Tipperary, and Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Keane is hunting the West Waterfords, where prospects are "very favourable, provided the country settles down politically." Which at the moment seems rather a formidable "if." The Muskerry Hounds have a new Master in Captain A. Hornby, while, as we stated in our hunting number, Lord Holmpatrick and Captain T. Ainsworth are hunting the Meath.

The Princes

THE Duke of York and Prince Henry are no less keen than the Prince of Wales on riding to hounds, and all three are likely to see plenty of good sport in the hunting-field this winter. Prince Henry goes remarkably well to hounds, and is sure to hold his own in the York and Ainsty country next month, when he will be staying for some time with Colonel Stanyforth at Kirk Hammerton Hall. Outside of the Shires there are few more sporting countries than that of which Captain Harry Whitworth is the popular Master. There is plenty of grass, and all manner of fences are encountered. No doubt Prince Henry will also contrive to get some days with his brother-in-law's fine pack, the Bramham Moor. Meanwhile, the Prince of Wales is entering upon his tenancy of Easton Grey, and has put in some cub-hunting mornings with "the Duke's." He should have a delightful season from one of the best hunting centres in the kingdom.

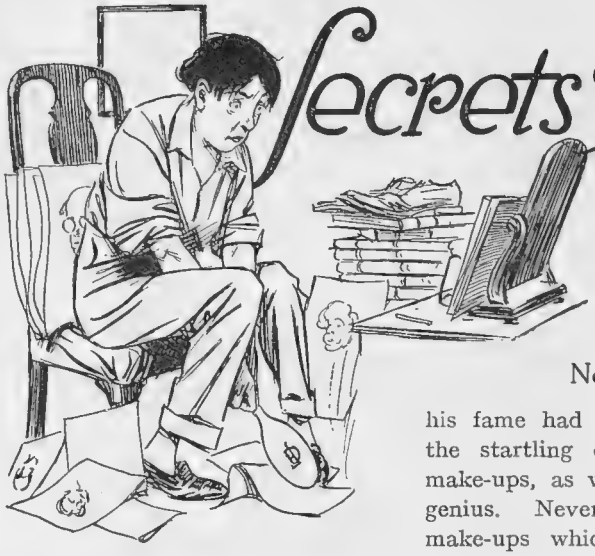
Born 1820——————*Still going Strong!*

"POOSIE NANSIE'S":—The old historical resort of vagrants; has been described as 'a howf of gangrel bodies.' It is said that in the ancient bar parlour Burns first recited his poem, 'The Jolly Beggars.'

Johnnie Walker: "Which is your favourite quotation from your works, Robert?"

Shade of Robert Burns: "That which America has discovered the truth of, 'Freedom and Whisky gang thegither'."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



Secrets of the Silver Screen

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Illustrated by Geo. S. Dixon

No. IV.—"HIS FACE AND FEET"

GEORGIE FOLLETTE was unhappy. Here he had the chance of his life!—a double chance, for the scenario of "Let George Do It" ought to make the funniest film of the century: and the most fascinating woman on earth had written it for him, adapted from a book of her own. Not only that, but she had come out to Hollywood from New York to watch him rehearse. After he had accepted the scenario (snapped at it, would be nearer the truth), he had wired asking her to come, and he had fallen in love with her at first sight. But—whether it was lovesickness or not—for the first time in his experience, the greatest character actor of the screen had no inspiration for his make-up. He loved the play, of which he loved the author. He loved the part; but he couldn't yet see himself in it.

"I'll make your name as famous as mine," he promised to Mrs. Henniker, the beautiful young widow for whom he had found a suite in the Hollywood Hotel. He couldn't say more, could he? But action, not words, was needed now. He had to make good. For Rose Henniker hadn't entirely appreciated the importance of films, until she came to Hollywood and got into the right atmosphere.

Georgie was determined that nothing should lack on his side. But perhaps he was over-anxious. When Rose asked "What wonderful new make-up are you going to give the world in *My* film?" all his quickness of wit oozed from him, as water runs through a sieve.

Her words pleased him, because his fame had been won through the startling eccentricity of his make-ups, as well as through his genius. Never had he had two make-ups which resembled each other. Each one was funnier than the last. If you hadn't known that the great star was *there*, under his disguise, you would never have guessed. He could do anything, from the Living Skeleton to Falstaff: and never before had the inspiration to which he trusted, eluded him. But this time it was a Will o' the Wisp. He couldn't visualise the star part in "Let George Do It."

Not for the world, however, would he have confessed this failure of brain tissue to Rose. He had to dazzle her, to show her that he was infallible, a superman off the screen as well as on, because—incredible as it may sound—she didn't fully realise the immeasurable advantage of becoming Mrs. Georgie Follette. She had giggled a little when he proposed, and said, "Oh, I'm not sure I could take you seriously as a husband!"

George had been hurt, because in his own person, as God created him, he knew he wasn't an Adonis. He had to atone for Nature's carelessness, by making of himself a kind of human kaleidoscope, with a more amazing pattern at every turn. This time he must excel himself!

"When are you going to begin rehearsing?" Rose catechised, as Georgie showed her over his studio—his own private studio at the back of his hundred thousand dollar garden, behind his fifty thousand dollar swimming bath, and the avenue of marble statues.

"Oh, in a few days now," Georgie answered, hiding anguish.

"I'm so looking forward to those rehearsals," cried Rose, who intended to be present every day. "I'm sure you'll spring a thrilling surprise on me."

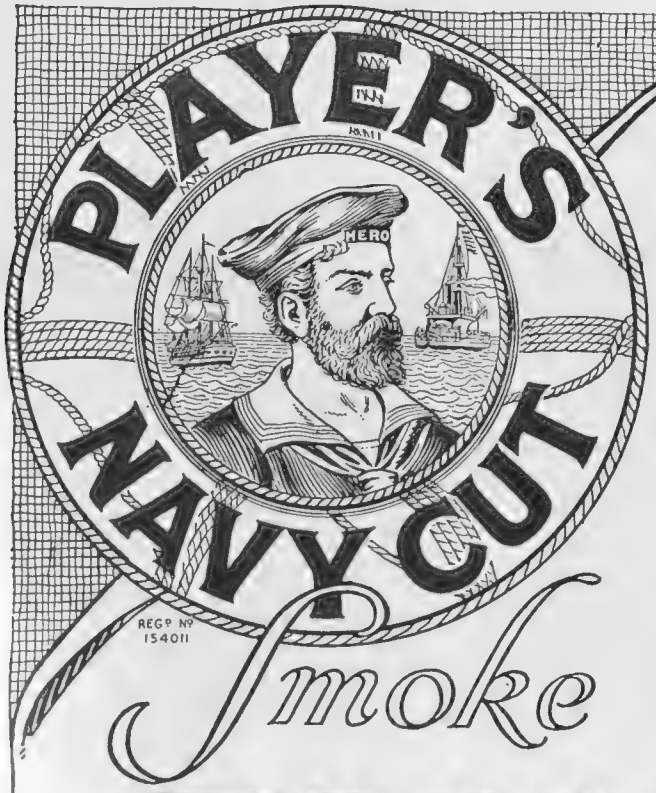
Georgie lay awake nights, trying to invent the surprise, and when he slept, had nightmare visions of men with flat, blank expanses where their faces should have been. Then, one morning he leaped out of bed with a bound. "What a *goof* I was not to think of trying that!" he exploded aloud.

Having his own studio was awkward, for the first time. Georgie Follette never had crowds, mobs, or gangs in his pieces, therefore did not employ "types" *en masse*. Concentrating upon a "type" for himself, he liked the actors in his company to be commonplace in appearance, thus enhancing the star's value. Consequently, he had to test the worth of his new idea at other studios, and do it "on the sly."

It was easy enough to learn in roundabout ways which studios were producing plays that needed crowds. When Georgie found out what he wanted to know, he took the oldest of his automobiles, and open touring car of inconspicuous grey, and putting up the hood, drove to the Peerless Studios. In front of the huge, blank-faced building a fleet of motors were "parked": smart limousines, small "flivvers," and many touring-cars, new or old, like his own. Georgie slid his vehicle into a space just wide enough to contain it, and peeped from under the shadow of the hood, at the flood of quaint humanity streaming towards a certain door.

Georgie knew well what that door was, and had selected a position within sight of those who entered. Beyond, over the other side, sat a man whose job was to pick out effective "character faces" for the

(Continued on page 274)



Look for the well known Life Buoy Trade Mark on every packet

Smoke

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH.)

10 for 6D

20 for 11½

B.992

FEW sports are more thrilling than Deer Stalking. Fascinating and exhilarating as it is, it calls for supreme generalship — and a supreme whisky.

"Red Tape" (TRADE MARK)
The Whisky

is of guaranteed quality and condition, so that every sip is good and every sip alike.

Sole Proprietors :
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS.,
GLASGOW, —— Scotland.

Earl Horter writes :—
"I like your 'Eldorado' pencil for three reasons. It is friendly to my touch, responsive to my mood, and it reproduces better than any other pencil I have ever used.

Drawn with an "Eldorado" by Earl Horter, the famous Dutch artist.

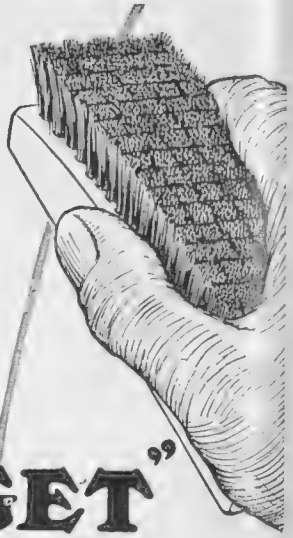
DIXON'S
ELDORADO
"the master drawing pencil"

In 17 leads—one for every need or preference, 6d each; 5/3 per doz.
Of Stationers, etc. Write for booklet to
L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway London, W.C.2

Just a few hard knocks

—round the top as though you want to drive the lid further on. It will then lift off easily.

"Nugget" always reaches you in perfect condition owing to the close-fitting, air-tight tin. Perfect polish —perfect tin.



"NUGGET"
BOOT POLISH

"NUGGET" is sold everywhere in the NEW EASY-TO-OPEN tins.

3d. and 6d.

Made in Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown and Toney Red. Also in White for Patent Leather.

No. 837

Stars and Scenes in the Swedish Ballet

CLASSIC DANCING AT THE COURT THEATRE

"EL GRECO"

A scene from "El Greco," which was successfully produced here two years ago at the Palace Theatre

MLLE. KLARA K. JELLBLAD

One of the many beautiful members of the Swedish ballet, who are here for a short season

Photographs *Isabey*

YOLANDA FIGONI

A SPANISH MOVEMENT

Real ballet is here once again in the persons of the Swedish Dancers at the Court Theatre, who are giving us, for but one short month, a very varied programme by which they hope to appeal to a wide public. It includes a series of dances from Chopin, arranged and produced by Jean Borlin, "El Greco" (which was most successful during the season at the Palace two years ago), "Divertissements," including "Dame Kobold," "Arlekin," an Arabic dance, "Dance Celeste," a Greek dance, a Dervish dance, and two Swedish dances. The final item is a ballet of Claude Debussy, "The Toy Box," completed, "decorated," and costumed after Debussy's death by André Hellé. This ballet has made a very great success throughout the continent, and has never before been seen in England

"SECRETS OF THE SILVER SCREEN" (*continued*)

film in rehearsal and he would have plenty to choose from! Men—regular "down and outers"—who had faith in their own features would often "steal a ride" on the railway from Chicago, or even New York, to Los Angeles, and "hoof it" from there to Hollywood. They had only to be queer enough, to make a fairly steady living at one studio or another, once they had arrived in Moving Picture-land. But Georgie watched the candidates for the "Peerless" crowds, and saw nothing that gave him inspiration. So it was with one studio after another, until he was almost inclined to give up hope.

Perhaps he would quite have given up, if, on the third night of his secret quest, he had not had a vivid dream. It was quite a silly affair; merely a glimpse of himself watching a train, throwing up his hat and calling out in a high, squeaky voice (which waked him) "Hip, hurrah."

Next morning he rose early, and motored into Los Angeles. He drove straight to the station, and was just in time to meet a so-called "tourist" (cheap) train from the east, slowing down at the arrival platform. The first passenger who swung off went to Georgie Follette's head like wine. No drop of water in a thirsty desert, no priceless Titian unearthed in a junk shop, was ever so welcome as this man's face to the comedian.

The fellow was a "down and outer" with a vengeance—almost a tramp. His clothes were rags, but his head and his feet were unique.

The man, who confessed that his name was John Smith, seemed surprised when George offered him work at twice the pay he could get in any studio. He hadn't, he said, come to Hollywood to get work of any kind. He'd come on business of his own, and couldn't let anything interfere with it. He didn't appear impressed by the fact that he was meeting Georgie Follette with whom, as a rule, you couldn't get an engagement if you crawled from Los Angeles to Hollywood on your knees. He even seemed suspicious of Georgie!

"You're a rank amateur, and I offer you a hundred dollars a week for six weeks at least," said Georgie. "Isn't that enough for you to know at present? And you can do your own job, too, on one condition."

"What's the condition?" enquired John Smith.

"That you make up for it, disguise yourself. I'll show you how," said Georgie. "I don't want you to be seen by anyone as you are now. I'll put you up at my house—my studio's in my own grounds—and you mustn't go out in your own type. When I've finished with you, you can slip away in the night. Now come along with me to my car. Any minute someone may blow in and see us together. Then the fat will be in the fire."

"The first passenger who swung off went to George Follette's head like wine"

He resisted all urging until Georgie had explained precisely what his work was to be: how many hours a day he could have to himself, and had raised the pay from one hundred dollars a week to two. If he had known that Georgie would have run to a thousand rather than lose him, he might have haggled longer; but the star's explanations appealed, it would seem, to his sense of humour. Laughing, he allowed himself to be led to a magnificent grey limousine.

He told Rose that he had decided on his make-up, and had imported a man of the same type as understudy. This was stretching the truth a little, but it didn't hurt Georgie's conscience. She would have to see Smith at rehearsals, and Georgie saw no reason why he himself should lose any chance of gaining kudos. As for Smith's private business, Georgie was not too curious, so long as it didn't interfere with studio hours.

All went splendidly for days; and then—the deluge!

Smith didn't turn up at rehearsal. Nothing could go on without him, unless the star wished to ride a zebra in a merry-go-round himself: and Mr. Follette had a delicate digestion. For the first time Georgie showed temper before Mrs. Henniker: and things were at their worst, when there came a call from a hospital. A Mr. John Smith, who had had an accident, wished to let Mr. Follette know that he might not be able to work again. He had, however, the voice at the telephone added, completed his own business—"brought it off all right."

Rose Henniker proposed motoring over to the hospital, so that Georgie might go on with the next scene—oh, that high stepping zebra!—and in an evil moment Georgie consented.

You would never guess the rest, so I might as well tell you, in a few words. John Smith was a private detective from New York, looking for a man supposed to be in Hollywood. His marvellous face and unique feet were triumphs of make up, an art in which he could give points even to Georgie Follette, because he was what Georgie was not—a regular Adonis. He had been "shot up" a little while landing his quarry, but that was a detail, for Rose Henniker visited him twice every day at the hospital. When he came out, she married him, for she liked a handsome man, and he was the handsomest she had ever seen. "Let George Do It" has been a big success as a film, but the work of production put a great nervous strain upon the star. He is now in Europe getting over it.

No. V. of this interesting series—"The House of the Misanthrope"—will appear next week.

BY APPOINTMENT

Dressing Bags and Cases

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have on view the finest selection of Ladies' and Gentlemen's London-made Dressing Bags, Suit Cases, Motor Car Cases, etc., of the highest quality at prices that offer the best value obtainable.

A new fully illustrated Catalogue of Dressing Bags, Suit Cases, etc., will be sent post free upon application.

Gentleman's best quality Solid Hide Case, lined leather, fitted with plain Solid Silver Mounted and Cut Glass Toilet articles.
Complete with Mail Cloth Cover.
£27 10 0

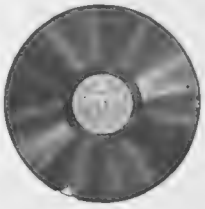
The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Estd 1751

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King.

Only one address *No branches.*

112 Regent Street, London, W.1.



Columbia Records

—the most perfect made. The Master Musicians series include Exclusive records by Dame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Sir Henry J. Wood and New Queen's Hall Orchestra, the Halle Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra, New Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, Pachmann, Busoni, Stralia, Dora Labbette, Frank Mullings, Hubert Eisdell, Arthur Jordan, Norman Allin, etc.

□

ASK TO HEAR THE LATEST DANCES ON COLUMBIA

Complete List of over 100 Dance Records Now Ready.

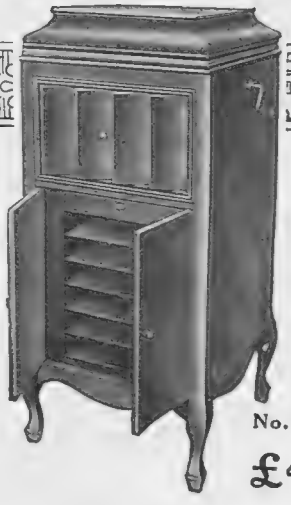
Columbia – the gramophone standard for over 25 years.

WHEN buying a gramophone LOOK AT THE MOTOR. The motor of a gramophone is as the engine to a car—the vital part. The motor in a Columbia Grafonola is the finest made—an engineering unit with a reserve of power ensuring complete control, and most important of all, holding the record speed absolutely true to pitch. Ask to see the Columbia Motor.

Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Records MAGIC NOTES TRADE MARK

Made in various artistic styles from £5 5s. to £75. Cabinet models from £30. Catalogue post free from Columbia, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.



No. 27

£40

ABOVE is shown Columbia No. 27 model, typical of Columbia values Solid mahogany, beautifully finished Fitted with Triple-Spring Motor Unit. Height, 43ins., width, 19½ins An incomparable musical instrument.

On sale at all Music-Sellers and Stores.

'Varsity "Rugger" Prospects. By H.S.S.

In about seven weeks from now the 'Varsity "Rugger" match, the biggest and most popular of all 'Varsity winter fixtures, will be upon us. The two captains, W. W. Wakefield, of Trinity, Cambridge, and J. E. Maxwell-Hyslop, of Balliol, Oxford, of necessity only started their team-building operations last week, and I have often heard the opinion expressed (elsewhere than at Oxford or Cambridge, be it understood) that a couple of months is too short a period for these operations, and that we should get a better and more representative match if it were not played until after Christmas, but the arguments against this are so strong that I, for one, therefore, should be sorry to see the 'Varsity match postponed to a later date.

Wakefield, the Cambridge "skipper," is a product of the somewhat inverted times in which we are still living, and a rather wonderful one at that. He gained his International cap while an officer in the R.A.F. before he gained his Blue. On going up to Cambridge last year he, of course, walked at once into the side, and, having done as much as anybody on it to prevent Oxford from winning, he was elected, while still a freshman, to the captaincy. Incidentally, he is the C.U.R.F.C.'s first married captain. His right-hand men in the scrummage will be D. J. MacMyn, who likewise gained his Blue as a freshman last year, and D. C. Ryder. The rest of the 1921 pack have gone down, but two of the 1920 pack, T. E. Morel and H. K. P. Smith, are still available, and may "come back." Morel is a Blue and a Welsh international at hockey, and I have seen him play lawn tennis much more than ordinarily well.

The only other Old Blues left in residence are H. B. Style (scrum half), R. H. Hamilton-Wickes, and E. R. H. Seddon (three-quarters), and F. A. Gardiner (back). Of these Seddon, an eleventh-hour substitution on the wing for K. R. J. Saxon, who had to be moved up to the place allotted to D. P. Thres (injured) at stand-off half-back, is in danger of being superseded. Hamilton-Wickes, a comparative failure in 1921 after showing exceptional promise in 1920, may (and probably will) "find himself" again. Gardiner is a fine footballer, but not a full-back. He will, doubtless, gain a place somewhere else. Style may have to give way to A. T. Young, a freshman who has already made good as scrum half for Blackheath.

Oxford have six of last year's fifteen Blues available—three forwards (as at Cambridge) and three backs. The forwards are the captain, Maxwell-Hyslop, J. C. Chambers, and C. A. Siepman, and the backs are T. Lawton (stand-off half) and A. M. David and I. J. Pitman, three-quarters. But Maxwell-Hyslop's task will only be a difficult one because he has so many good men to choose from. Strong candidates for the scrum-half position are G. J. German (Leicester), A. C. Wallace (an Australian), and M. W. Humphrey (a South African), whilst of an imposing list of three-quarters the best are probably G. P. S. Macpherson (who has played for Scotland, but has yet to gain his Blue), G. G. Aitken (New Zealand), J. N. Richardson (Uppingham), and C. E. Pitman, a brother of the Blue. The only position which causes any real anxiety is that of full-back. Lawton may possibly fill it, for F. J. Kittermaster (still available) would probably have had Lawton's place last year at stand-off half if he had not been crocked, and may supersede him. Likely candidates for places in the pack are R. H. Bettington (a 1920 Blue who was "outed" last year—a master of the art of place-kicking), T. P. Theron and A. Shacksnovis, two South Africans (the latter a Freshman who has already been "spotted" and utilised by Blackheath's *impressarios*), G. MacDonald and R. J. Hodgson.

For the vacancies on the Cambridge side, D. N. Rocyn Jones, or else R. K. Melhuish, is the likeliest full-back on the assumption that F. A. Gardiner will be better utilised elsewhere than at back—they tried him in the three-quarter line last week. D. P. Thres, who would have been stand-off half against Oxford last year if he had not been injured, has also been tried as a three-quarter, with F. A. Collier, a very promising Freshman, as stand-off half-back. A fine three-quarter is W. R. Shirley, the old Etonian and Harlequin, whilst other "possibles" behind the scrummage include H. S. H. Gilmer, T. E. S. Francis, and G. P. Cooke. For places in the scrummage, W. E. Tucker, S. Duffus, K. P. Turnbull, J. B. White, C. N. S. Boston, A. Rendall, and D. M. Maxwell are all strong claimants.

By Joe Lee

IT'S A THANKLESS TASK STOPPING A PUNCH-BALL—THE HARDER YOU HIT IT, THE HARDER IT COMES BACK

NAPIER

The PROVED *Best*

NO car—no matter its power, cost, or reputation—gives a better all-round road performance than the 40/50 h.p. Six-Cylinder NAPIER.

"The Motor" of August 22nd says of its acceleration and hill-climbing powers:—

"We have yet to drive any car, large or small, which can put up a better performance than the NAPIER."

Why not exchange your present car for a
40/50 h.p. NAPIER?

Chassis Price - - - £1750

The 450 h.p. Napier aero engine—built in the same factory as the motor carriage—won the Aerial Derby and Schneider Cup in one week

Olympia Motor Exhibition

D. NAPIER & SON, Ltd
14 New Burlington Street W.1
Works: ACTON, LONDON, W.3

Stand No. 303

MEN'S CORSETS AND BELTS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Can be made from measures for those unable to call.

Measure forms on application.

Corsets from
£3 . 3 . 0

Call or write—
"CORSETS," First Floor, 47, South Molton St., W.1

"London's Most Interesting Shop"

That was an American visitor's description of St. Dunstan's Shop—where the wonderful work of the men of the Imperial Forces who were blinded in the War is on sale.

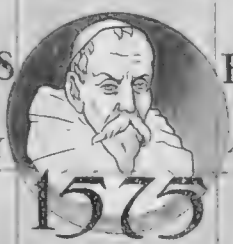
How much more interesting it must be to the people of Britain, who have such pride in the men of St. Dunstan's and the way they have fought their handicap.

Every home can use, for example, the handsome and finely made wool rugs which are the production of the men, who, in addition to their blindness, have other severe disablement.

In all colours, sizes, and at moderate prices, these rugs will appeal to all. Call and see them, or write for details to:

ST. DUNSTAN'S SHOP
155, Regent Street, W.1
Telephone - - - Gerrard 4223

LUCAS BOLS
Founder of the Distillery Amsterdam



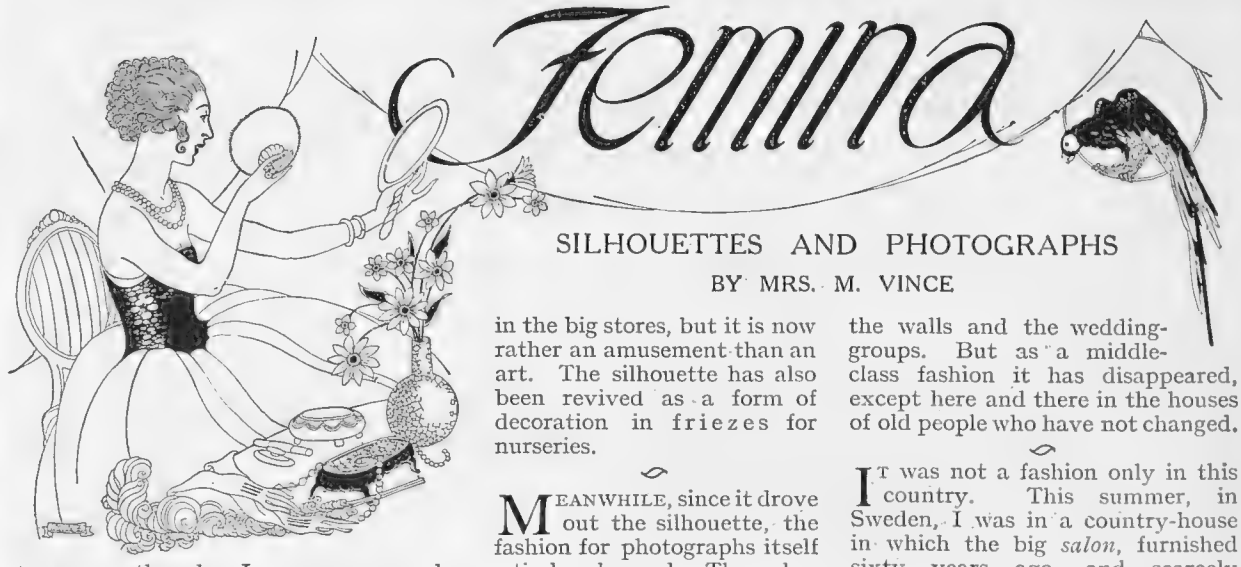
1575

The world's favourite Liqueurs for 346 Years

BOLS'
VERY OLD GIN

DRY CURAÇAO
CRÊME DE MENTHE
MARASCHINO AND
KÜMMEL

WHOLESALE AGENTS U.K.
BROWN-GORE & Co. 40 TRINITY SQUARE LONDON EC3.



SILHOUETTES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

BY MRS. M. VINCE

THE other day I came across a very amusing quotation from a book called *The Miseries of Human Life*. The book was published in 1806, and the quotation ran: "Whenever they send me their silhouettes, or what do they call them, I chuck them out of the window."

So the world goes round. We now collect silhouettes and realise their beauty—these profiles of the women of a century and more ago, cut out of black paper, with one little delicate eyelash and their ringlets in gold. But we have all had exactly the same feeling about photographs which the author of *The Miseries of Human Life* had about silhouettes; and he, no doubt, if photographs had been invented when he wrote, would have treasured such a portrait of the least of his friends as a marvellous thing.

It is evident that there was almost as great a vogue for silhouettes at the end of the eighteenth century, as there was for photographs at the end of the nineteenth. The French Royal Family, at one time, had its own Silhouettist, just as Kings to-day have their photographers, and he wrote a "Treatise" on the art.

Silhouette portraits seem to have gone on until as recently as forty or fifty years ago, before the photograph finally drove them out, and in the last few years an attempt has even been made to revive them. Though there are no silhouette, as there are photographic, studios, it is possible to get one's silhouette cut at exhibitions and in the big stores, but it is now rather an amusement than an art. The silhouette has also been revived as a form of decoration in friezes for nurseries.

Meanwhile, since it drove out the silhouette, the fashion for photographs itself has entirely changed. There has been in recent years a great "chucking out of the window." The time was when mantelpieces, drawing-room tables and the tops of pianos were covered with family photographs, when every drawing-room had two or three leather-bound albums of such photographs, gradually fading, and when large framed photographic portraits hung on the walls, looking more lifeless even than bad oil paintings. It is still a fashion among the working-classes, and in the country, where things change more slowly. In farmhouses one still sees the large portraits on the walls and the wedding-groups. But as a middle-class fashion it has disappeared, except here and there in the houses of old people who have not changed.

It was not a fashion only in this country. This summer, in Sweden, I was in a country-house in which the big *salon*, furnished sixty years ago, and scarcely touched since, was full of photographs. There was one large table which was covered with all the family portraits. Another, rather smaller, had the photographs of the Swedish Royal Family and famous men. Larger photographs of the Royal Family hung upon the walls. That is another fashion in photographs which has passed away.

This fashion for filling rooms with photographs belongs to the days when photography was a new and wonderful discovery of science. Since then it has become an art. We expect a good deal more of a photograph now than that it should be a likeness, if we are going to give it prominence in our rooms. But the family photographs still remain one of the smaller problems of decorating. If it were simply a matter of decoration one would say, "as few as possible." In any case it is certainly better to keep them to one room. It is equally important to see that they are suitably framed. In the days of tables full of photographs, all sorts of frames were used without regard to their fitness. One used to see old frames not only of brass, silver and leather, but of silk, satin, velvet and mother-of-pearl, and I recollect once finding in a sitting-room of an old farmhouse a table with a bright red-and-white check cloth, on which were many solemn family photographs. In the middle of them all was a round farmer's face, with a stiff Sunday collar and heavy side-whiskers, which was framed in glass painted with roses.

M. V.

DANCING AT THE PICCADILLY

Mr. and Mrs. David Leslie, two very popular Parisian exhibition dancers, who have come over here to dance at the Piccadilly Hotel at their thés dansants and dinner dances. Mrs. Leslie is the only daughter of the Comtesse de Maistre

"For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss."
—DRYDEN.

CHARM flows from wholesome health and well-being. It is every woman's birthright. An easy and pleasant way to attain that bloom of health which is rightly yours is by the use of ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

ENO is free from drastic and ill-tasting minerals. It is a delightful health drink which purifies the blood, regulates the digestive functions, promotes healthful sleep and cleanses the system naturally, veritably washing away those particles of waste matter which go to make a "bad complexion."

It's a pleasure to drink

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Put ENO to the test. You can buy the Handy size for 1/9 at any chemist, and then follow this simple, pleasant rule of health: First thing every morning drink a glass of water (cold or warm) sparkling with a dash of ENO.

The shape and size of the "Handy" 1/9 bottle make it ideal for the traveller—for office use—for the week-end case

1/9

The Household size at 3/- for regular family use is still available. Ask your chemist for the size that suits your needs.

J. C. ENO LTD., LONDON, S.E.

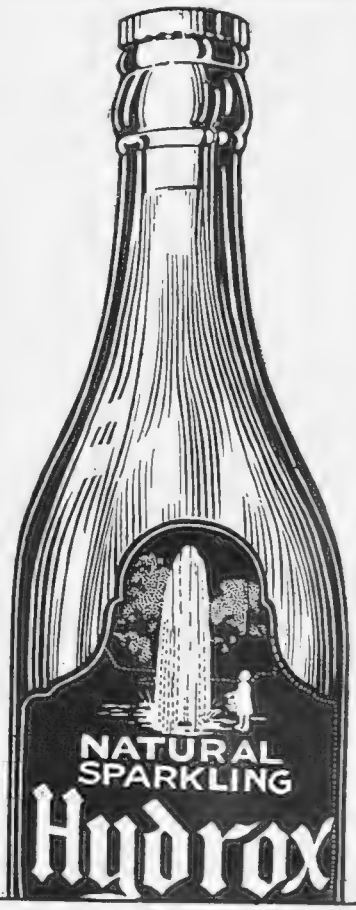
A BOTTLE OF Hydrox

The British *Natural* Soda Water

FREE

In order to *prove* the superiority of 'Hydrox' over any other Table Water in the world we will send you a bottle *free and post paid* if you will write for it. We could not afford to do this if we did not know that drinking 'Hydrox' is its best advertisement.

IT costs no more to drink regularly the purest Table Water. You owe it to yourself to know which is the best. 'Hydrox' contains, in solution, bi-carbonate of soda and other salts. It is invaluable to those suffering from Gout or Rheumatism. It is soft and undoubtedly the purest and finest NATURAL Soda Water so far discovered in Nature. You can obtain it from your Dealer. If he will not supply you—we will. Send for a free bottle *now* please, while you think of it.



USE THIS COUPON

HYDROX, Ltd., 11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

Please send *free and post paid* one bottle of Hydrox *Natural* Soda Water to:—

Name.....

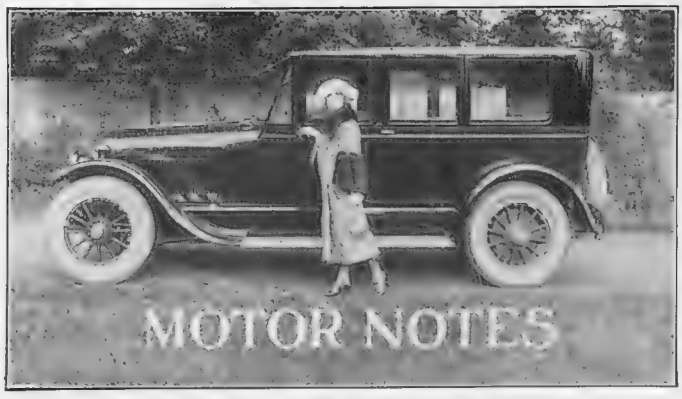
Address.....

Dealers' Name.....

Address..... B.

POST IT NOW TO
HYDROX LTD.
11 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

C.F.E



A FAMOUS FILM ARTIST AND A FAMOUS CAR

Miss Justine Johnstone with the new Lincoln car, which is being distributed by the great and only Henry Ford, and in this country is being supplied by Messrs. Wallace Harmer, Kingsway, London, W.C.

So excellent are tyres nowadays that motorists do not seem to pay as much attention to those fitted on their cars and motor-cycles as they ought to. Perhaps this heedlessness is caused by the cheapness of the articles, for to-day the prices of Dunlop tyres are actually below pre-war cost for a better article. For the cord tyre costs less than the canvas-body tyre did in 1914, and tubes are down 50 per cent., a most drastic cut in cost to the purchaser which he must be grateful for. And the mileage given is wonderful if the driver will only drive on his engine and not on his brakes. Which reminds me that the Spencer Moulton and Wood-Milne concern are shortly to place on the market the Spenwood cord tyre. This of black rubber, and the pattern on the tread resembles a bunch of dumb-bells to give a firm grip on the ground. Canvas-body tyres are still being manufactured, and, until the straight-sided detachable, side-flange type of wheel is adopted as standard by most manufacturers of cars, I fancy will still hold a prominent place as wheel coverings. Michelin tyres are down in cost, averaging 30 per cent., as the 710 mm. by 90 mm. cablé is only £3 7*s.* 6*d.*, in place of £4 12*s.* 6*d.*, and others in proportion.

* * *

With the Motor Show close at hand there are quite a number of new cars about to be launched on the market. Calcotts have a 13·9 h.p. four-speed model, a size larger than their 11·9 h.p. car which has been very popular this season; the Bean has been improved, and rumour says four forward gears are to be fitted shortly in place of its three-speed gear-box, while a new A.C. "Home and Empire" model has been produced with the ordinary 11·8 h.p. engine, which is cheaper than the standard four-cylinder model. The Bowden Wire Company introduced the J. D. motor-bicycle *de luxe*, and a very interesting development or, rather application, of Bowden wire mechanism to motor vehicles last Friday, but as all these novelties will be at the Motor Exhibition, those interested will no doubt prefer to inspect them there instead of a brief analysis from me.

* * *

One of the most successful sales managers in the motor trade, Mr. T. Underwood, of Clement-Talbot, is at the same time most unassuming, though during the difficult years of trading he has always managed to keep the Talbot products on the top of the market in the private owners estimation. Recently he loaned me an 8 h.p. Talbot to test its capabilities for myself, saying simply, "I think you will like it." I did, as I do not think I have driven a more lively car this year, and I have had quite a large number of different makes through my hands, too. Twenty miles an hour on first speed, thirty-nine miles an hour on second speed, and fifty-one miles an hour on top gear, and was gaining on that when approaching traffic compelled me to lift my foot up. The springing is excellent, and the car holds the road at the highest speeds, as I took the

(*Continued on page 282*)

PATRON - - - - - H.M. THE KING.

SIXTEENTH INTERNATIONAL

Motor Exhibition

(Organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd.)

WHITE CITY AND OLYMPIA

LONDON, W.

NOVEMBER 3rd — 11th

THE WORLD'S LARGEST DISPLAY of Private Motor Cars, together with a complete representative display of carriage work, equipment, tools, tyres and accessories.

ADMISSION:

1/- Sat., Nov. 4 (after 1 o'clock)

2/6 Fri., Nov. 3
Sat., Nov. 4 (before 1 o'clock)
Wed., Nov. 8
Sat., Nov. 11

5/- OTHER DAYS

Open from 10 till 9.

VAUXHALL CARS

Striking Price Reductions with Quality Maintained

ALL the new season's prices are now before you, and you can decide where the best value is. It is not a doubtful question. At their new prices Vauxhall cars are the most attractive offer on the market; very distinctly the least costly among cars of comparable merit in quality, performance and style.

23-60 h.p.

Chassis with full equipment £695
Kington five-seater car, complete £895

The new overhead valve Vauxhall, with harmonic balancer, which is arousing so much interest. Wheelbase, 10 ft. 10 in.; body space, 8 ft. 8 in.; wheels, 880 mm. × 120 mm. Tax £23.
Landaulette, £1,195. Owner-driver cabriolet, £1,145. Chauffeur-type cabriolet, £1,170.
Limousine, £1,270 and £1,220.

14 h.p.

Chassis with full equipment £420
Princeton four-seater car, complete £595

The new small Vauxhall, remarkable for power and running economy. Wheelbase, 9 ft. 6 in.; body space, 7 ft 8½ in.; wheels, 815 mm. × 105 mm. Tax, £14.
Owner-driver cabriolet, £745. Coupé, £720. Two-seater with double dickey, £595.

30-98 h.p.

Velox four-seater car, complete £1,195

The world-famed Vauxhall sporting car, of phenomenal power and speed. Tax, £24.

EQUIPMENT The chassis equipment comprises electric starting and lighting (six lamps), aluminium instrument board fitted with speedometer, clock, lamp, switchboard and gauges; five detachable wheels and five Dunlop cord tyres; electric horn and bulb horn (bulb horn not included in 14 h.p. equipment) and full tool kit. ¶ The 23-60 h.p. equipment includes, in addition, dimmer switch for headlights, and petrol level indicator in tank. ¶ Each open car is provided with full side-curtain equipment of special design.

OLYMPIA STAND 266

Give your order promptly if you wish for early delivery

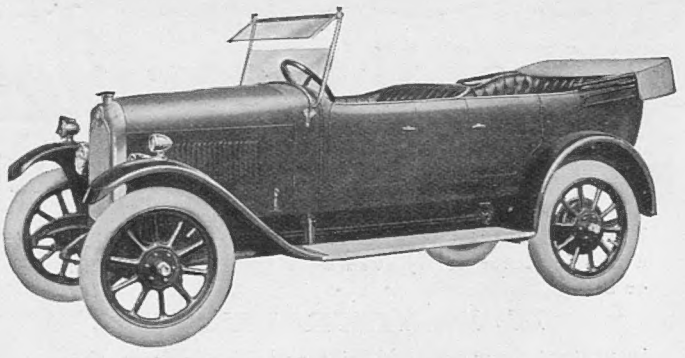
VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED
LUTON BEDFORDSHIRE

Telephone: Luton 466 (4 lines) Telegrams: Carvaux Luton

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

THE NEW
12/14 h.p.
Crossley
"of Gas Engine Fame"

THE 12/14 h.p. Crossley has been produced in response to the insistent demand for a roomy four-seated car, which, whilst being economical to run and inexpensive to maintain, possesses the features of efficiency and reliability, together with that delightful responsiveness, liveliness, and ease of handling so keenly appreciated by discriminating motorists. With these qualities it has ample power, and the liberal dimensions of the chassis enable it to carry a four-seated body with ease. On the road its performance is exceptionally good, and there is no other popular priced car on the market with a specification which can approach that of the 12/14 h.p. Crossley.



Four or Two-seated Touring Car, complete with all-weather side curtains

£475

ABRIDGED SPECIFICATION: Four-cylinder engine, bore 3⅛ in., stroke 4¾ in. (2,388 c.c.), main bearings automatically lubricated by oil pump, side by side valves totally enclosed and automatically lubricated. Three-speed and reverse gear box, with central control for change-speed gear. Ignition: H.T. Magneto. Single plate clutch with fabric friction discs. Spiral bevel drive for rear axle. The chassis is oil lubricated throughout. Pressed steel wheels. Electric lighting and starting.

WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER

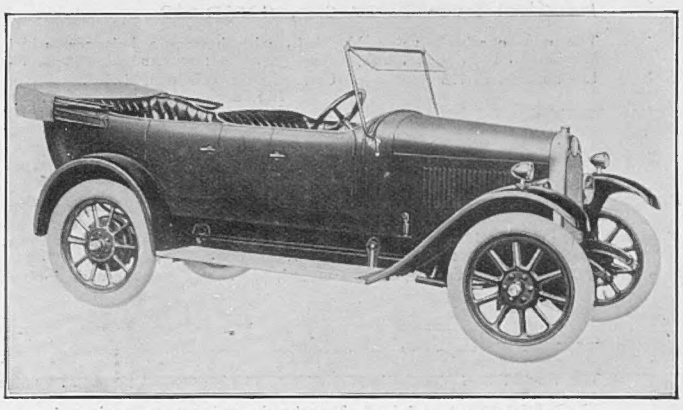
London Showrooms & Export Dept. 40-41, Conduit Street, W.1

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

open bends at this fifty-one miles an hour. Personally, I could not have told you whether there was a differential fitted or not, the car seemed to me as easy to manœuvre either forward or backwards, so I am a bit dubious of all I have read about the need for differential in such a short wheel base. Also the wide seats of this tiny two-seater carried me and a "Gaumont Graphic" cinema operator, with his heavy camera and stand, comfortably at the rates of progression named. As for hills, they do not seem to exist, but, of course, I used the gears as I am not a top gear maniac, though this little 8 h.p. Talbot really pulled most smoothly on top at very slow speed, which is the true test of engine balance and power. I cannot recommend a better small car for £275 as a two-seater than this 8 h.p. Talbot with its overhead-valved engine.

* * *

MOTORISTS who like American cars need go no further than Hendon and inspect the wonderful array of Buick, Oakland and Chevrolet cars, which, with varieties of coachwork, offer thirty-seven different models for the choice of the purchaser. Of course, Olympia could not hold them all on one stand, so really a visit to Hendon is necessary to get a grip on what the U.S.A. can give you for your money. The coachwork too, is vastly improved, so that there is no longer that reproach to make on the products of General Motors, Ltd.



THE GET-YOU-ANYWHERE 12-14 H.P. CROSSLEY

Their latest four-seated touring model, complete with electric starting and lighting set and all-weather side-curtains

* * *

IF your magneto does not give satisfaction go and inspect the new B.L.I.C. magneto at Olympia in the gallery next week, as it not only gives much hotter sparking than the older types, but is built on the lines of big power dynamos that seldom, if ever, give trouble. This magneto, like these high-power machines, has its magnets revolving and the armature stationary, so saves weight, permits better insulation of the windings, and sparks at fifty revolutions per minute, so helps easy starting. To-day, when engines turn much faster than they used to, the old type magnetos are apt to give trouble, so if there is to be a device of revolving a piece of solid metal like a magnet or a great length of fine wire, each strand of which must be thoroughly insulated, as the armature consists of, why, one votes to revolve the magnet. That is what has been done in electrical machines for lighting stations and power units for years, and at last the B.L.I.C. have successfully applied it to their magnetos. OLD HY.

MOTOR SHOW SUPPLEMENT.

Special Number Next Week.

ORDER NOW.

See that the car *you* buy is fitted with TRIPLEX GLASS

TRIPLEX Safety GLASS is the only glass which cannot splinter or fly even with the severest shock or blow.

IT IS YOUR DUTY

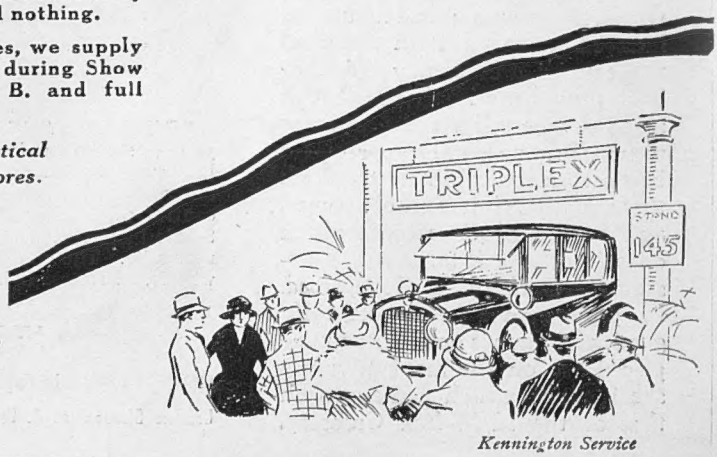
to protect your wife, kiddies and friends from the danger that menaces if ordinary glass is used for windscreens and windows.

When ordering your new car specify TRIPLEX Safety GLASS throughout. After regrets avail nothing.

Fitted by all coachbuilders and garages, we supply ready in 48 hours. Call at our stand during Show week; if you cannot, write for list B. and full particulars.

Also TRIPLEX goggles and optical lenses from Opticians and Stores.

visit STAND Nº 145 WHITE CITY



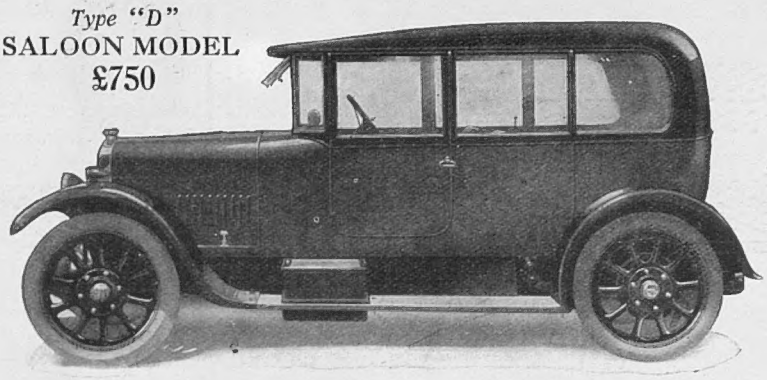
Kennington Service

Triplex Safety Glass CANNOT SPLINTER

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO. LTD.

1 ALBEMARLE ST, PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1.

Type "D"
SALOON MODEL
£750



The 10/20 h.p.
Galloway
CARS are now made by Arrol-Johnston, Ltd.
Reduced prices as follows:

COUPÉ
Luxurious Coupé Body, Dickey Seat, Lucas Lighting & Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Electric Horn, etc. £450

4-SEATER
Open 4-Seater Body (3 doors), Lucas Lighting and Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Electric Horn, etc. £350

2-SEATER
Open 2-Seater Body, Dickey Seat, Lucas Lighting & Starting, Spare Wheel and Tyre, Electric Horn, etc. £295

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW Stand 271

THE latest (Type "D") Arrol-Johnston Model includes several new and important features. It embodies the most up-to-date ideas in modern motor car construction and represents the refinement of our experience of 25 years in the motor industry.

Full particulars and Local Trial Runs on application to

ARROL-JOHNSTON, Ltd., Dumfries, Scotland.

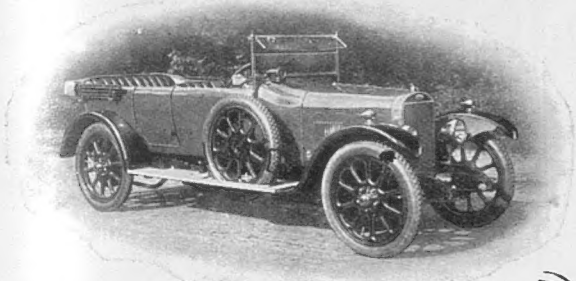
REDUCED PRICES:
Saloon Model - - £750
All-Weather Model £695
Touring Model - £550

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW Stand 268

Arrol-Johnston

London Dealers.
Leverett, Thorp & Kearton, Ltd.
79-85 Davies St., Oxford St., W.1

"The finest value among all Cars of its class."



THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM
14 h.p. 4-cyl. Touring Model
with complete equipment £685

Other Touring Models are
16/40 h.p. £895 24/60 h.p. £1220

THE BRITISH MOTOR SPEED CHAMPIONSHIPS
BROOKLANDS, 30th Sept., 1922.

3 FIRSTS

2,000 c.c. Class
(Won by Major H. O. D. Segrave, on 4-cyl. 14 h.p. Racing Car)

5,000 c.c. Class
(Won by Major H. O. D. Segrave, on 6 cyl. 24 h.p. Racing Car)

Unlimited Class
(Won by K. Lee Guinness on 12-cyl. Racing Car)

The latter also attained the highest speed for the whole course, viz. 110 m.p.h.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
WOLVERHAMPTON *Head Office & Works* . . . . . Moorfield Works.
LONDON . . . *Showrooms & Export Dept.*, 12, Prince's St., Hanover Sq., W.1.
. . . . *Southern Service & Repair Works*, 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3.
MANCHESTER . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 106, Deansgate.
. . . *Northern Service & Repair Works*, 288/294, Eccles New Rd., Weaste.
NEW YORK . . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 25, West 57th Street.

Prominent Motor Journalists See SHELL Tested

12. MR. G. C. STEAD in the *"SUNDAY TIMES"*:

"I have been down to Shoreham-on-Sea. I have been to a fascinating works where everything connected with motors may be scientifically tested, and I have witnessed fuel tests on a marvellous engine, the compression of which can be varied while the engine is running. . . . . And the results of these wonderful tests? Simply that ***Shell spirit,*** as commercially supplied, ***will stand a higher compression without knocking, and develop more power on a lower consumption*** than the commercial spirit of a competitor which was put through the same tests."

SHELL

To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and SHELL Motor Lubricating OIL.

SHELL-MEX, LTD.
Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2
Write for leaflet, "IN THE TEST HOUSE"

S 28

Two Pearls

If you desire a string of pearls for yourself or as a gift, there is the choice of two kinds. There are real pearls from the bed of the sea, lustrous, iridescent, elusive in their charm, beautiful to a degree, but so costly as to be beyond the reach of most of us; and there are

Ciro Pearls

which are not expensive at all, yet possess just the same wonderful qualities as real pearls, so that the keenest judges are unable to distinguish one from the other.

They look and wear equally well, have the same subtle sheen and magic colouring, the same natural form and weight as if they came from the Oriental ocean depths instead of from a scientific laboratory

If you come to our Showrooms your own eyes will convince you; or if you cannot, then avail yourself of our wonderful postal service and

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet, No. 7, sent post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank, near Piccadilly

Ciro Pearls cannot be obtained anywhere in the Provinces.

"My Lady" Corsets — "FIT LIKE A GLOVE"

Enhance the natural beauty of your figure

THE best figure you can have is your own natural figure comfortably and correctly corseted. Wearing a corset designed for a different type of figure from your own brings only discomfort and probably ill-health.

"My Lady" Corsets offer the widest range of styles—from the ultra-slim to the full figure—of any corset on the market to-day, at a price which the average woman wishes to pay.

Ask your draper to show you "My Lady" Corsets and choose the model specially designed for *your* figure.

Prices : 6/6 to 2 Gns.

"My Lady" Corsets have been awarded the Diploma of the Institute of Hygiene.

"My Lady" REG'D

"My Lady" Corsets are on sale at most high-class drapers. If you have any difficulty write for the "My Lady" Brochure, and ask for name of nearest agent.

Waterhouse Reynolds & Co Ltd. Leicester